

Bits from the Past

As Seen By the Late

E. E. Meredith

Arrowheads have been found in various sections of West Virginia and made up one of the most interesting displays of the Department of History and Archives at Charleston. It is not known where the Indians obtained the material from which some of them were made. It is probable that flint was handed down from one generation to another as an inheritance. Arrowheads used for hunting game were quite different from those made for use in war. In those made for hunting, an indented portion is found at the base of the triangular part, enabling the huntsman to fasten the point to the shaft with a thong, so that the weapon could be recovered in its entirety. The war points, however, were perfect triangles, with a concave carve at the base. Thus the war points had not only one but three sharp points. The war arrowheads were not fastened to the shaft with thongs, but were simply inserted in the split end of the shaft. When they struck home and wounded a brave, he pulled at the shaft, which became loose, but the pronged point remained in the flesh. The war points are long and narrow of design, well calculated to give a death blow to the stoutest warrior.



French Carpenter (with fiddle) and Jenes Cottrell were caught by Dave Gahr's camera at the Newport (Rhode Island) Music Festival last summer.



A HALF CENTURY AGO — A TOWN CALLED WHITMER

If we wanted to worry you we'd ask you to tell us what West Virginia town this was in 1910. But we won't. There are enough im-

portant things to ponder. So, this is Whitmer, Randolph County of half a century ago. It was sent to Hillbilly by Macie K. Phares of Circleville.

Days of the Cherry River Boom Puffer-Bellies Are Gone

E. L. THOMPSON IN WRITING IN THE 1955 "OFF THE BEATEN TRACK" WAS SURE THAT THE COAL INDUSTRY WOULD SAVE THE CHERRY RIVER BOOM AND LUMBER COMPANY TRAINS. THEY ARE ALL GONE NOW AND ONLY THE MILL REMAINS, A STORY FROM THE DEAD PAST.

"Dad."

I was that cry ringing across East Virginia's Appalachian slopes that put heads on the flat tops of the Cherry River Boom and Lumber Company's Railroad, and out in the company coffers, down the Cherry River trundled 38 million board feet of lumber a year down to the mill at Richwood.

But timber grows slowly, and river hills are of little use to a lumber company. Cherry River's annual production dropped to 6 million board feet in the mid-70s and down to 15 million last year. The road's total mileage fell from 142 to 75. Then mining interests opened up the Nicholas and Webster County coal fields, right in Cherry River territory.

Cherry River and the Baltimore and Ohio, over which CR operates for some 22 miles, joined forces, revamped their properties, and began moving coal along with the logs. Coal production, including that originating in a new B&O branch in the fields, was pegged recently at 25 cars a day.

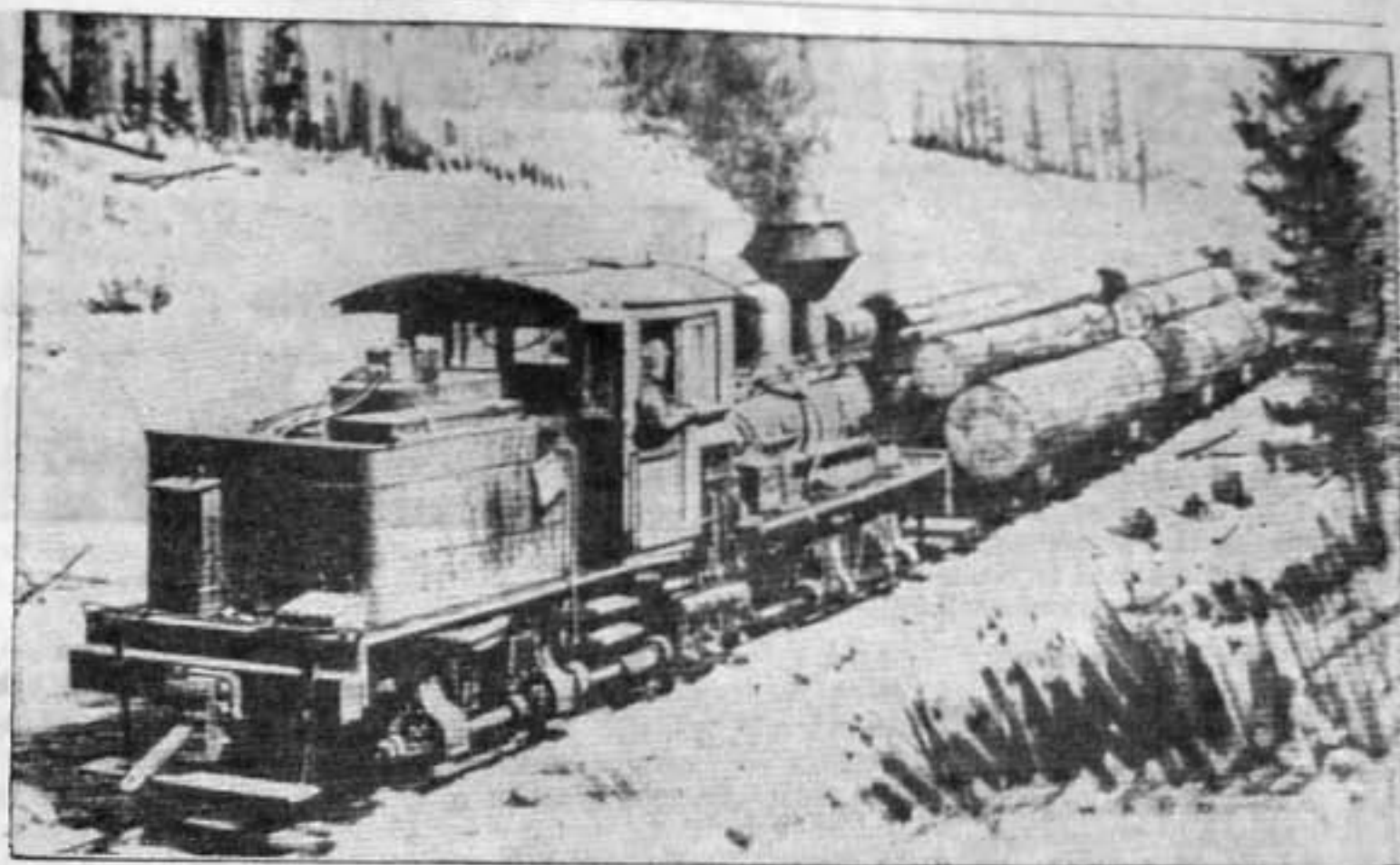
Until the advent of coal mining in the area made some changes necessary, CR trains operated from Richwood to Allingdale on the B&O's Burnsville-Richwood branch, and from Allingdale through Gauley Mills, Donaldson, and Blair, to Jerryville on their own rails. The B&O's Richwood branch ran adjacent to the CR River from Allingdale toward Donaldson. A CR line up the Williams River from Woodline in the area played

with little regard for the niceties of mainline construction. Grades were sometimes 7 per cent and curves 30 degrees, but the track was substantial enough to bring loaded flat cars down to Jerryville, where they were consolidated each evening for the 49-mile run to the Richwood mill.

The original Cherry River main line from Richwood to Curtin, and later stretches on up the Gauley River to Jerryville, were not meant to carry passenger schedules — although passengers do ride over part of the line in a bus with flanged wheels — but to carry log trains. At that, however, the main line with its heavier rail and permanent, ballasted roadbed, was built quite a bit better than the feeder lines which radiate out of Jerryville to where the lumberjacks wield their saws and axes.

Out of the Wilderness

The brawn of track workers hewed the Cherry River out of the wilderness; today's construction machinery was either nonexistent or too big and expensive for use back in the hills. Log trestles were thrown across rivers, and until eight or ten years ago only two bridges were of steel construction. While Jerryville is only five crow-flight miles from Bergoo, a station on the Western Maryland, the Gauley Divide rears its rocky head between the two towns and makes a railroad connection impracticable. Only recently was a dirt road finished into Jerryville; before that the town was accessible only by rail.



The buffoonery of train buffs is often shown in their personal stationery. This is that of Michael Koch of Scarsdale, New York.

operation is unique: telephone boxes are spotted at regular intervals along the track, and train conductors call the dispatcher from each phone for permission to proceed to the next. If the wire comes down, brakemen walk ahead of the trains as protection.

Today the Cherry River Boom and Lumber Company's Railroad is hauling a new product, mined from under the hillsides which still yield a substantial lumber traffic. The road opened a new 11-mile line down the south fork of the Cherry River from Rich-

made as often as it used to be, other trains haul revenue-producing hoppers from Jerryville to Donaldson, where the B&O picks them up for the trip to the

hungry furnace maws of industry. Whether it hauls coal or wood, the Cherry River has been assured a future by productive Mother Nature.

White-Water Race

(From Page 1)

14, there will be a community supper to which the canoeists and public will be invited. Saturday evening will be the Awards Dance, at which winners of the afternoon's events will receive their trophies, and

A Child Looks At Hate

By W. Ames Le Grande II

(and understands life and itself).

Sympathy emptied from the cloven heel of justice, Shrouded in a long black smock . . . lighting angelus candles,

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for several miles up the Gauley
River from Allingdale toward
Donaldson. A CR line up the
Williams River from Woodbine
was abandoned when the timber
in the area played out.

Jerryville was reached by CR
trains in 1935, and became the
seat of the company's main log-
ging operations until last year.
A network of temporary tracks
was built back into the hills

AUGUST

2. Wheeling
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12-14. Wheeling
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13-15. Green
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The Cherry River handled light repairs to B&O engines in its shop at Richwood until the B&O built an engine house at Cowen, 10 miles north of Allingdale on the route to Burnsville. A lathe shop at Jerryville repairs CR locomotives at that end of the railroad. Since Cherry River trains operate on the B&O, its equipment and employees must meet I.C.C. standards.

In the days when the mills along the CR gobbled up 100 million board feet of timber a year the railroad owned 18 locomotives. Today the roster is reduced to 10: two 2-8-2's, a Consolidation, a 2-6-0 built from parts of several now-extinct engines, and six Lima Shays. The larger 2-8-2, No. 26, had to be dismantled for the trip down the B&O to Richwood when it was delivered in 1936. Baldwin built No. 26 in 1910, and the Cherry River got it from the Birmingham Rail & Locomotive Company. Most CR engines carry the company insignia of a metal replica of a log protruding from their smokebox number plates.



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Today the Cherry River Boom and Lumber Company's Railroad is hauling a new product, mined from under the hillsides which still yield a substantial lumber traffic. The road opened a new 11-mile line down the south fork of the Cherry River from Richwood and shifted some of its logging operation onto the new branch. Now between Richwood and the end of track at Blizzard Run three coal mines have been started. Indications are that there will be more.

Mine Spur

The B&O's Richwood branch has been rebuilt, and a new mine spur, the Williams Camp Run branch, has been constructed to Bergoo No. 6 mine back in the timbered wilderness above Jerryville. B&O trains must use Cherry River tracks from Donaldson to the new branch turnout. Cherry River has abandoned its line from Allingdale to Donaldson, using the B&O into Cowen and a new cutoff with better grades and curves from Cowen to Donaldson. The rest of the line is resplendent in new 100-pound rail (replacing 60-pound), new treated ties, new steel bridges and new wider curves.

Richwood has added coal mining to its list of industries. Head-quarters for some of the Gauley

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White-Water Race

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14, there will be a community supper to which the canoeists and public will be invited. Saturday evening will be the Awards Dance, at which winners of the afternoon's events will receive their trophies, and to which all canoeists, distinguished guests and the public are invited.

On Sunday, April 15, there will be a Canoe Cruise on the South Branch putting in at the bridge at Upper Tract and taking out at the low water bridge near the Smoke Hole Recreational Area in the Monongahela National Forest. Following this, there will be a demonstration of canoe maneuvers at the recreational area.

For both Saturday's events, there are excellent vantage points along the rivers, easily accessible to spectators. The rivers chosen for both events not only offer real challenge to the expert paddlers, but unparalleled scenery to the observers. Seneca Rocks, Champe Rock, Eagle Rock are geological formations noted for their majesty and beauty. Seneca Caverns and Smoke Hole Caverns, limestone caverns open to the public, beautifully illuminated and well guided, are available to people coming in

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mission from Horse Doctors?
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portation is running out. Our
policy is to show Kennedy showed
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available over the poli-
ticians in Congress.
I. Fred Schumacher,
1000 Santa Fe "Rail"

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Officials' Transportation

Cherry River's inspection cars
and officials' transportation me-
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As late as 1944 several passen-
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Cherry River's system of train

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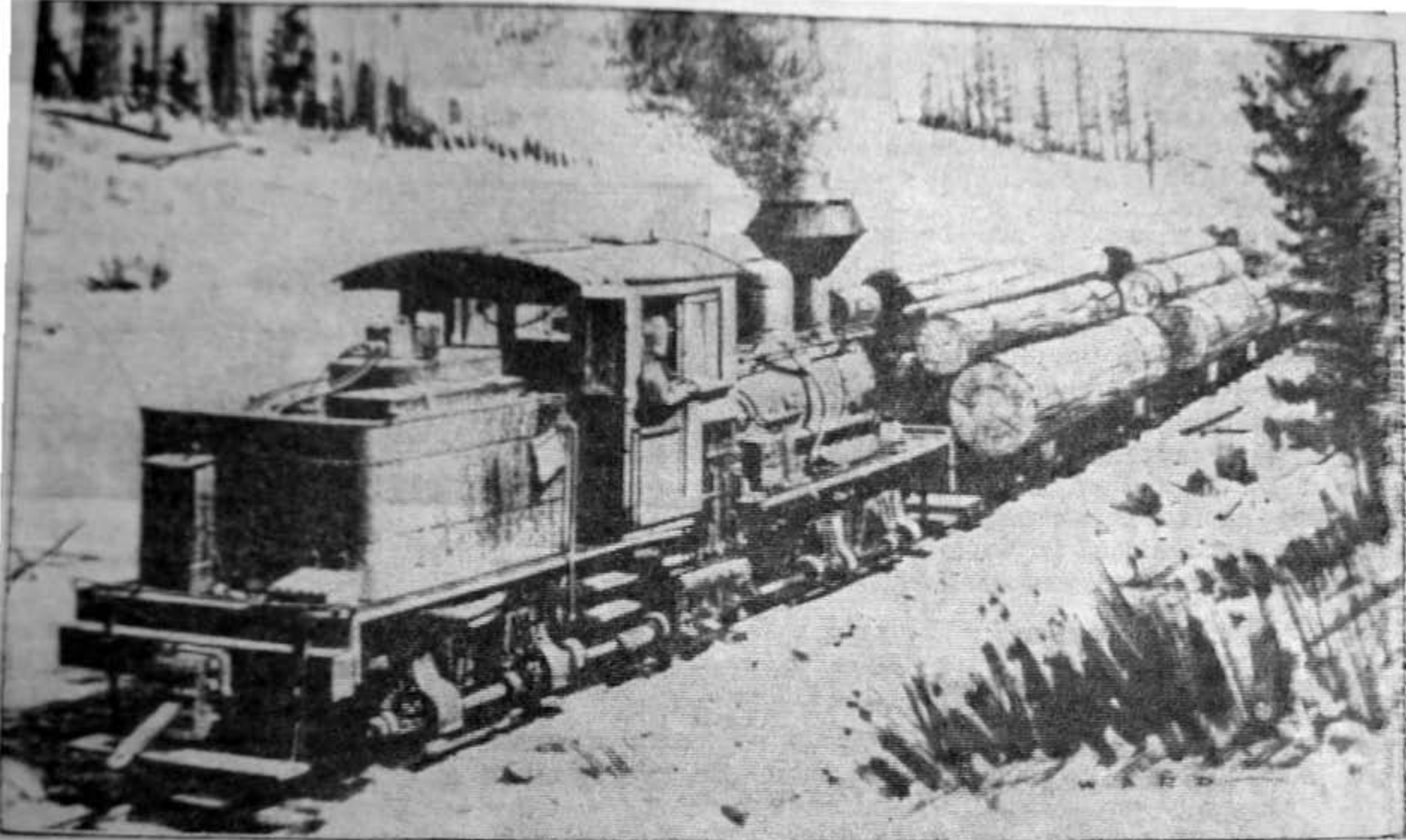
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HILLBILLY

No, Not Again! Not Another Book on The Hatfields and McCoys!

A direct descendent of the Hatfields plans to write a book on the famous Hatfield-McCoy families and their feud of the late 1800s.

Captain (Ret.) John E. Howes, a great grandson of William "Devil Anse" Anderson Hatfield, the clan leader, is compiling a history of the feuding families and their famous dispute that highlighted American folklore of the Appalachian Mountains before the turn of the century.

The amateur genealogist-local historian was born and raised in Sarah Ann, W. Va., at the former homestead of "Devil Anse" Hatfield, near the old clan cemetery.

He now resides at Route 2, Box 295, Leesville, La.

Fulfilling a childhood ambition, he began researching the subject five years ago while stationed at Camp LeRoy Johnson, New Orleans, La. When stationed at Landstuhl, Germany, he traced the lineage of the two families to Germany and the British Isles, as far back as the 1100s.

He obtained substantial help in his studies from descendants of the two families, who bear no ill will toward each other and have since intermarried. In accumulating documented evidence for his book, he has gathered a sizeable collection of family relics from the Hatfields and McCoys, along with artifacts and antiques of that period and locale.

After compiling most of his work here, he intends to return



Devil Anse Himself

to West Virginia and settle near his birthplace. Tentative plans call for establishing a Hatfield-McCoy museum in the Logan. According to Capt. Howes, the

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Capt. Howes retired from the
Army on Feb. 29, 1964, after 20
years of active military service.
The former Army sergeant ob-
tained a direct commission into
the Army Medical Service Corps
during the Korean War. He was
formerly the commanding officer
of the Fort Polk Hospital Detach-
ment.

Pearl Buck Translations

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Violate A Confidence To Give Meat and Light?

Hillbilly violates the confi-
dence of this letter which "is
not for publication of course,
but is a personal note in an-
swer to yours of sympathy
which you wrote on learning
of my pending catastrophe."
Because only God and the
author knows the authorship,
and because the former will
forgive us and the latter
ought for the meat and light
I can be to those other shat-
tered ones who bewilderedly
walk the same desolate path:
What had to be was and I
wanted to be

Pearl Buck Translations Pour Into Hill Museum

This paper used to think that Pearl Buck should be put down as the Buck of the Month Club. But that would be an understatement. Buck of the Week, would hit it more closely.

Hillbilly isn't speaking of her current best seller, "The Living Reed." We speak of her translations. Eight have come to us for inclusion in the Museum of the Hills.

Background: When Pearl Buck visited the museum last year, she was so happy that we had seen fit to collect her many translations, that she promised when she left that she would have her secretary send the Museum of the Hills one of the two copies that foreign publishers customarily send the writer.

This past week have come the following titles: "Zuflucht im Herzen" (Swiss, "Bridge for Passing"), "Over bron" (Swedish "Bridge for Passing"), "Den Store Bolge" (Danish, "The Big Wave"), "Viento Del Este, Viento Del Oeste" (Spanish, "East Wind: West Wind"), "Cielo Cinese" (Italian, "China Sky"), "De Verborgen Bloem" (Belgian (?), "The Hidden Flower"), "Stirpe Di Drago" (Italian (?), "Dragon Seed").

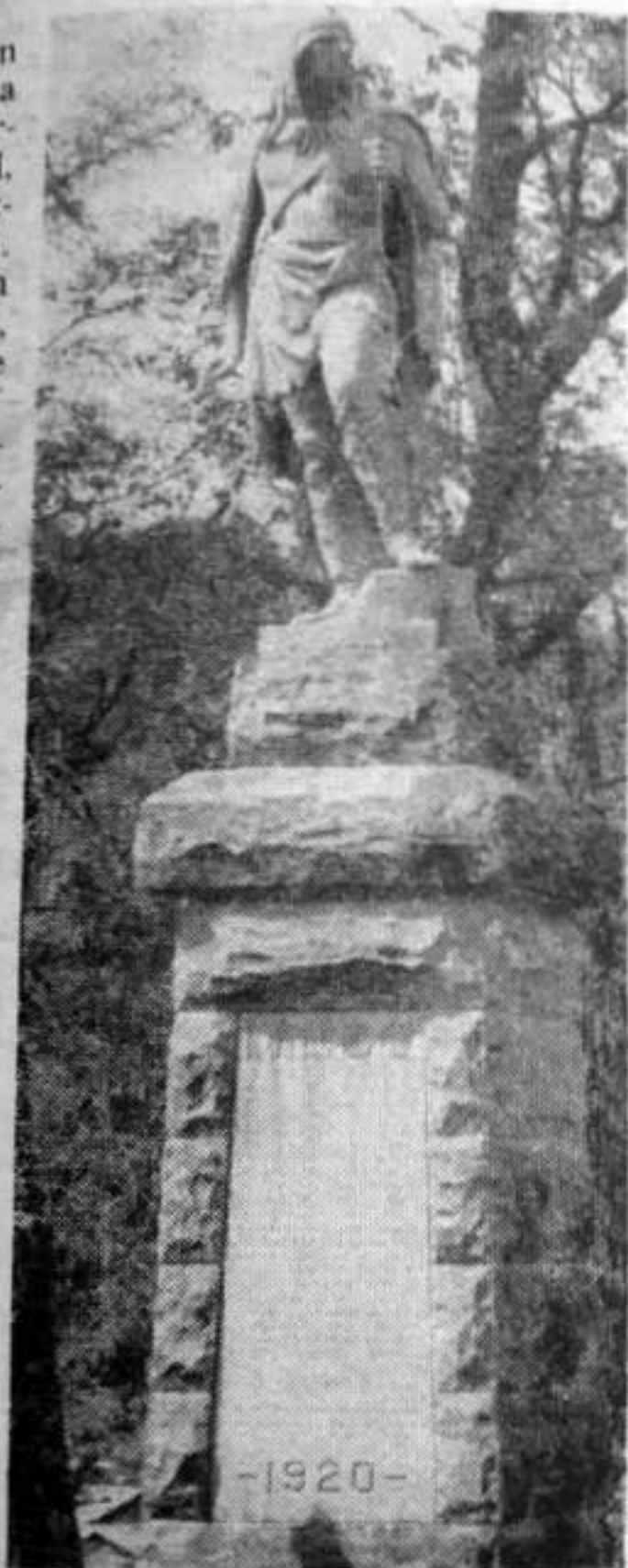
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Mingo Is Where That Indian Statue Is

Whenever you are driving from Marlinton to Elkins, keep your eye on the left of the road in the Mingo area, and you'll see this Indian poised ready to regain his land come the revolution. The winners of the contest have been sent coupons and that finishes another quiz. One of these days we'll give you the story behind the statue, and there is one, you know. A thin book in the Hill-billy Bookshop tells it, and we'll re-tell it when we get to it.



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APRIL 18, 1964

Says Killoran: What Tweetsie Is, Cass Can Be

THE TWEETSIE RAILROAD, STARTING OFF ITS SECOND YEAR OF TAKING TOURISTS FOR A RIDE, CAN LEARN FROM THE TWEETSIE, WHICH LEARNED IN TURN THAT STEAM AND RAILS AREN'T ENOUGH. IMAGINATION IS NEEDED.

By John F. Killoran
Mountain Railroad Editor

the ranting of an optimistic rail buff? To illustrate by example is perhaps the easiest method of stating my case for the absolutely fantastic potential of Cass as a nationwide tourist attraction.

North Carolina's Tweetsie Railroad is a re-creation of narrow-gauge steam railroading coupled with a frontier and western amusement park. Located in the northern extremes of the Great Smoky Mountains, at Blowing Rock, Tweetsie packs in tens of thousands of tourists each year — at a buck a head — to ride a three-mile long steam railroad. Souvenir shops, a western dance-hall, aerial tramway ride and kid-land amusement park plus such additional extras as a blacksmith shop that makes personalized horseshoes "while-u-wait" add to the till that rings up fabulous profit for the creator and owner of Tweetsie, Grover C. Robbins.

Tarheel Fun

Robbins and Tweetsie are both natives of the North Carolina highland country, although it took a quarter-century for both to meet under the same management. Tweetsie was the affectionate name which mountain folk gave to the trains of the 3' gauge East Tennessee and Western North Carolina Railroad, a rural line running from Johnson City,



Celebrated three-foot gauge ten-wheeler 12 of Tweetsie Railroad basks in the sunlight outside her little enginehouse near Blowing Rock, North Carolina. Altered to a wild-west appearance by addition of a fake oil headlight, oversized smokestack and long "cow-catcher," the confederate-flag bedecked 12 that once pulled passenger trains from Johnson City, Tennessee into the mountains of western North Carolina, came to Grover Robbins's tourist railroad in the mid-1950's. Tweetsie has become an outstanding nationally known tourist attraction.



True to the theme that the "good guys always win," the loyal Tweetsie train crew dispatches the last war-whooping redskin attacking their locomotive at Fort Boone. Danger still lurks, though, for, little known to the passengers, but familiar to the crew, a gang

booth, somewhat resembling the area's typical outdoor plumbing, and a small block of western-style buildings housing a souvenir shop greeted the tourist arriving at the rail-head. Nearby stood a collection of antique automobiles whose owner put them on display at Tweetsie. (This exhibit has since moved to its own separate area 500 yards down the road from Robbin's enterprise.)

Local to National

Through the years exhibits were expanded as Tweetsie gained first local, then regional, and finally national prominence (such as a recent Tweetsie news piece published in Time) through Robbin's vigorous publicity efforts. During the summer tourist season "Ride Tweetsie Railroad" bumper stickers could be seen on automobiles almost everywhere, or so it seemed. In later years, the line used newspaper advertisements, and achieved the ultimate in sophistication recently by sponsoring television programs aimed at the youngsters, such as Durham, N. C.'s "Paul Pioneer." An old time passenger depot was built to serve the little train, its baggage room becoming a railroad relic store of grandiose proportions. The 4x4 ticket booth gave way to a fine modern cinder block



One, Two, Three, Kick! Can-can, the featured attraction six times daily at the "Tweetsie Palace" Saloon plays to a packed house at the Blowing Rock, N. C. tourist railroad attraction. The dance-hall restaurant provides family entertainment and refreshments for visitors to the old narrow-gauge railroad and western town. Tweetsie began operation in the mid-1950's with a short run around a mountain circle of track, expanded in its brief history to include a complete western town, souvenir shops, Magic Mountain amusement park, authentic saloon, and visitors' information center.



Tweetsie's former Alaska-Yukon Territory narrow-gauge locomotive 198 drifts into the tourist railroad's depot near Blowing Rock, N. C. trailing a half-dozen coaches packed with Labor Day visitors to the Western-style mountain railroad. The little rail-

AUGUST

1-2. Whiting
William Latta
Sponsored by N. C.
Society.
2-3. Camp Bessie
camp for 10-14
4-5. Charlotte
Industries, 10
6-12. The
Aash. of Indon
8-11. Camp Bessie
mining camp in
Y.
9-12. The
Niry Products
6-20. Whiting
and Pop County
6. October 10
12-14. Whiting
Open Tent
15. Whiting
Summer
Outdoor Theatre
12-15. Green
16. 15-15. Robert

tourist center — at a buck a head — to ride a three-mile-long steam railroad. Souvenir shops, a western dance-hall, aerial tramway ride and kiddieland amusement park plus such additional extras as a blacksmith shop that makes personalized horseshoes "while-u-wait" add to the till that rings up fabulous profit for the creator and owner of Tweetsie, Grover C. Robbins.

Tarheel Fun

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Most of the narrow-gauge equipment went to scrap in 1951, although one little ten-

wheel — a wild west appearance in addition of a fake oil headlight, oversized smokestack and long "cow-catcher," the confederate-flag bedecked it that once pulled passenger trains from Johnson City, Tennessee into the mountains of western North Carolina, came to Grover Robbins's tourist railroad in the mid-1950's. Tweetsie has become an outstanding nationally known tourist attraction.



True to the theme that the "good guys always win," the loyal Tweetsie train crew dispatches the last war-whooping redskin attacking their locomotive at Fort Boone. Danger still lurks, though, for, little known to the passengers, (but familiar to the crew), a gang of desperate road agents waits farther down the tracks to relieve the train of the Wells Fargo strongbox reputedly carrying a valuable gold shipment to the Tweetsie bank.



Home safe with the money box, Tweetsie's Brakeman and Conductor transfer the Wells-Fargo shipment from the train to the bank.

Autry was Tweetsie's next owner. The millionaire star was setting up a private railroad as a hobby on his California ranch and wanted the train to add to some Colorado narrow-gauge equipment already in operation.

Local to National

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Fort Boone, replica of a frontier outpost complete with Indian fights for the train passengers every hour and on the half-hour, delights tourist as "live" Indians swoop down from the burning fort to attack the train and run amuck in the passenger cars until they are fought off by the pistol-toting train crew. (To me, the Indians looked more like camouflaged highschool students slaving at summer employment!)

The most fabulous (and "fa- (Look around and you will find the rest.)

lance" Saloon plays to a packed house at the Blowing Rock, N. C. tourist railroad attraction. The dance-hall restaurant provides family entertainment and refreshments for visitors to the old narrow-gauge railroad and western town. Tweetsie began operation in the mid-1950's with a short run around a mountain circle of track, expanded in its brief history to include a complete western town, souvenir shops, Magic Mountain amusement park, authentic saloon, and visitors' information center.



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Rare Train Relic

☆☆☆

Address Of

Thomas Swann, Esq.

on the

Parkersburg Railroad

Delivered at the New
Assembly Rooms
(Hanover Street)

June 28, 1852.

☆☆☆

29 Pages

\$28

☆☆☆

HILLBILLY BOOKSHOP
Richwood, W. Va.

From a deep wooded val-

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Most of the narrow-gauge equipment went to scrap in 1951, although one little ten-wheeler survived on the Gray Lumber Company RR at Waverly, Virginia until the mid-1950's. Two coaches, a baggage car and handsome Baldwin 4-6-0 12 were sold to a group of Harrisonburg, Virginia railfan businessmen. They installed the equipment on the farm of a collaborating Doctor, built a mile-long railroad to the "foot of Massanutten Peak" and started tourist operations on the new Shennandoah Central Railroad.

The SCRR was short-lived. Many obstacles to the enterprise existed from the start; no vigorous publicity, lack of defined purpose, helter-skelter operation, and finally, a 1955 hurricane that blew away most of the new Shennandoah Central closed for good.

Cowboy movie singer Gene



Home safe with the money box, Tweetsie's Brakeman and Conductor transfer the Wells-Fargo shipment from the train to the bank.

Autry was Tweetsie's next owner. The millionaire star was setting up a private railroad as a hobby on his California ranch and wanted the train to add to some Colorado narrow-gauge equipment already in operation.

Then came Grover C. Robbins.

Couldn't Buy a Haircut

A native boy from Blowing Rock who, in the words of a fellow North Carolinian, "didn't have the price of a haircut during the Great Depression," Robbins had long entertained a scheme for putting in a tourist railroad. Tweetsie became the first in eastern America. After persuading Autry to sell his newly-acquired equipment, Robbins purchased a mountain midway between Blowing Rock and Boone, graded a circular railroad around its base, and trucked in the weary travelers from Johnson City and Harrisonville, lock, stock, and locomotive.

To say the least, it was a shoestring start. A ticket

or parents without the stomach to endure an airborne experience could ride a gaily decorated orange "bus with the fringe on top" instead.

Fort Boone, replica of a frontier outpost complete with Indian fights for the train passengers every hour and on the half-hour, delights tourist as "live" Indians swoop down from the burning fort to attack the train and run amuck in the passenger cars until they are fought off by the pistol-toting train crew. (To me, the Indians looked more like camouflaged highschool students slaving at summer employment!)

The most fabulous (and "fa- (Look around and you will find the rest.)

WHISTLING THRU DIXIE

The old Buffalo Creek and Gauley will never die really because it is on wax. A new record out called "Whistling thru Dixie" includes the Dundon engine along with such others as the East Tennessee & Western North Carolina, the Mississippian, the Warren & Saline River, and others. Our interest of course is the Buffalo Creek and G. Says the record blurb:

"No. 4 leaves the roundhouse, sets out the caboose and returns to the yard on the mainline. Note: The sound dip presents as the locomotive returns is due to the set out caboose standing between our microphones and the locomotive.

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HILLBILLY BOOKSHOP
Richwood, W. Va.

From a deep wooded valley, the sounds of the 2-8-0 echo from over a mile away as she works her way to Widen with fifty empties.

"A lumber camp proves most interesting. Exploding sawdust flavors the background for No. 4, losing her feet several times, as she winds her way up a deep river canyon, disappearing with the whistle screaming like a banshee."

There's one BC&G picture on the back of the album. Eight different "scenes" on the two sides. Professional pressing. An exciting evening for any rail buff. \$5.

HILLBILLY BOOKSHOP
Richwood, W. Va.

The Day West Virginia Staggered to the Polls and Voted Against Likker

Mark Ethridge, the once shining star in West Virginia's journalistic firmament, who chickened out to Detroit and the Free Press there, has been writing his mountain memoirs, and one of them, telling the story of the state's likker by the drink fight, has funneled down to us, and we pass it on. The drawing is by B. C. Thurston.

Down in West Virginia, Tuesday, the turnout was good at the polling places.

A light trace of snow dotted the valleys in the east, and two inches or so crowned the mountain tops around Spruce Knob. The ground was sufficiently frozen so the farmers could get out to the paved road into town.

There were five congressmen to elect, plus the usual assortment of local offices and the usual amendments to the West Virginia constitution to be voted on.

But except in the First District, where a Republican had a chance, the voters didn't come out because of anything President Kennedy or the GOP had to say.

They came to vote on one

a veritable oasis in the wilderness — and most any spot you happen to fall into in Wheeling.

This, though, wasn't the problem. The question was whether the tourist who didn't know about these watering spas was going to be allowed to get a drink. The tourist was the key because tourists won't tour anything unless they can get a drink when they get there, and West Virginia needs the business.

Emotions ran high, as they always do on the liquor question in West Virginia. The bluenoses and the bootleggers teamed up informally to sponsor radio speeches on the evils of Demon Rum.

The wets took full page ads to tell the plight of West Vir-

ing places followed the script, unchanged for years dry votes were selling cheaply in the morning hours. The amendment was expected to lose handily, as most amendments do, so more dry votes weren't worth much.

But as the day wore on, and a heavy turnout began to show up, the dry forces got nervous. The price went up, first to a

slug, then two, three and finally, along about sunset, it went up to a full-pint of the finest redeye.

The Republican won Tuesday, and so did the four incumbent Democrats. The other three amendments naturally lost. But what really counted was that liquor by the drink got defeated.

A West Virginian, being a



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BYRD STILL PLUGGING FOR ALLEGHENY PARKWAY

U. S. Senator Robert C. Byrd, right, has made Another personal plea to President Johnson for approval of the \$210 million scenic Allegheny Parkway. He is shown here discussing plans for the project with Director George B. Hartzog, Jr., left, of the National Park Service. Byrd has called the Parkway "a major phase" of the Appalachian recovery program. Hartzog believes the 600-mile Parkway may become one of the country's most popular tourist attractions. Plans call for the roadway to travel through valley and hillside sectors known for outstanding natural beauty.

JULY 4, 1964

Here's What A Trip to the Cranberry Glades Is Like

THE ONLY WAY TO KNOW ABOUT THE GLADES IS TO GO THERE FIRST HAND IN A PAIR OF BOOTS
WITH A KINDLY OLD PROFESSOR BY THE NAME OF DARLINGTON AND TROMP OVER ACRES AND ACRES OF TUNDRA.

When he first began studying the bog, back in 1930, it was a land of many misconceptions. It had been thought that the bog was once a lake; he completely disproved that. There have been numerous stories circulating around about how people could disappear right into the earth, how 40 foot poles couldn't reach solid ground at the bottom of the peat, and how there were rattlesnakes menacing the place.

Dr. Darlington said he has never found any such treacherous places to walk (he has thoroughly covered all 700 acres). The deepest of the peat is about 12 feet thick, and in his 34 years of exploring the bog he had seen very few snakes and no poisonous ones at all. (Incidentally, there's no poison ivy either.)

The first glade the group visited was Big Glade, the only place in the swamp where the tiny sun dew is to be found. This plant, one of the three insect eating plants to be found in the Glades, has five or six leaves in a whorl. Hairs form a circle around each leaf, and beneath the hairs is a drop of glue which shines like a dew drop when the light hits it. Tiny insects see the glue, land on it, and get stuck. The plant then secretes enzymes that digest the insect.

Found also in that glade is

used to graze cattle, but the land is now owned by the Federal Government and preserved in its natural state as a "natural area."

"Although man does not change the swamp," said Dr. Darlington, "it still changes, as everything in nature is constantly changing. . . . I've noticed changes in my 34 years here."

A part of the area contains the bog forest community, which is made up of red spruce and hemlock, with the peat in this area only about one foot thick. This area of the bog is ahead of the rest in its development.

Two plants that particularly interested the nature-lovers were the bog rosemary and the buck bean. Bog rosemary is a member of the heath family, which is usually found in Canada. This is the farthest

south it has ever been found in the United States. Buck beans are so named because their leaves are shaped like beans, and deer eat the plants. Dr. Darlington pointed to a spot where deer had been feeding on them.

For their lunch, the group climbed to the top of a nearby hill, Little Round Top. The top of the hill was completely covered with a beautiful, thick carpet of ferns.

Lunch was a restful period, with conversation ranging from the attributes of different cities to the subject of evolution.

In the afternoon, the hikers stopped to eat some red berries they found. Dr. Darlington called them service (colloquially pronounced "sar-vis") berries and told a story he heard of how they got their name. Years ago, many out of the

way communities had no preachers except the ones who would come in the spring after the ground had thawed. So when someone died, he would be buried, but his funeral service would have to wait until the preacher came in the spring. This particular shrub bloomed at the same time of year the minister usually made it to the people, so the people named the shrub "service berry," after funeral service.

In Flag Glade, the group found the most southern patch of Canadian Dogwood in the United States. The weary nature-lovers found these moss seats extremely comfortable.

The saddest part of the trip was at the end, when the group came upon one person who had wanted to go along but had arrived too late and missed the party.

Jim Comstock's Political Corner

While I am quite sure you as reader, or as voter, are going to think it a very peculiar bit of political philosophy of mine, I am none the less going to be brave enough and come out with it, to-wit, the thing that is wrong with politics as a value to the State is everybody wants to win. If we had more people steeling themselves to

means that my opponent can say something, less, but more than he would normally have said against such a controversial thing.

It all boils down to this one salient fact: I am so conservative that my opponent doesn't have to be so liberal, a political philosophy that must constantly wrangle the man as he comes from a family that is deep-rooted in the hills

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Found also in that glade is the Cranberry community, which is a group of three plants, cranberry, sphagnum (a moss common to almost all bogs), and the peat rush. Any handful of peat picked in this glade will contain these three plants.

Dr. Darlington pointed out a bush with white blossoms in full bloom, which he called wild rasin, the second most common shrub in the Glades. (The most common shrubs are the alders.)

Someone noticed a beautiful little lavender flower. This, the guide said, was an orchid. Soon great numbers of these flowers will be in bloom. Two species of orchids cover the bog, the Beard Orchid and Grass Peat.

One sensation the group enjoyed was the feeling they got from walking on the deep layer of peat which was softer and springier than the most expensive carpet.

Part of the Glades was once

...the bog romary and the buck bean. Bog rosemary is a member of the heath family, which is usually found in Canada. This is the farthest

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But the thoughts of the sting of defeat lead them on and on, and each side then has to out-give the other in an attempt at currying the public favor and gaining the necessary political support. I sometimes think how better off America would have been if Nixon would have lost gallantly on a back-to-America campaign instead of competing on a do-it-better basis. And as I think of that, I consider my own campaign, and how bitter the pill of defeat could be were it not that deep in my soul I know I can serve my country, or at least my state, best by being defeated on a campaign that will give the people character and dignity instead of humility.

It is my contention, and a great many people will agree I am sure, that the incumbent Congressman returned to West Virginia last week and attempted to settle the strike at FMC because of me. I had written in the paper that a Congressman's job wasn't with world affairs, or foreign aid, but back home during an economic

means that my opponent can say something, less, but more than he would normally have said against such a controversial thing.

It all boils down to this one salient fact: I am so conservative that my opponent doesn't have to be so liberal, a political philosophy that must constantly wrangle the man as he comes from a family that is deep-rooted in the hills and is warp and wool of the fabric of the character that has sustained us all these days and strengthened us for the life of mountain exactitude. My opponent quite literally, doesn't have to boast of his Civil Rights vote, because everybody knows that I believe that states' rights should stand and that federal encroachment should be stopped. He believes in giving equality, while I believe equality can't be given, but must be taken, or at least he has voted that way. His vote was that the federal government should be given greater power; my vote would be to lessen it, and give more power to the state.

Did you see in the paper recently that our own state will be paying out \$80,000 a year for additional office space? not for a functioning State Road Commission, not for a commerce department, no not for anything like that, but simply for welfare. Our forefathers would certainly get up on their haunches to know that the administration of welfare would be so costly. And I am up on my haunches too, because there are too many people living off too few working men. Now I suppose my opponent would say this is all wonderful, and thus get the vote of these people. But I say it is simply terrible and lose a lot of votes.

But foremost, always, and forever, I am for saving the working men money and not frittering away their hard earned money for the

Next Cranberry Glades Tour

Jim Comstock's 16 - Page Campaign Card - He's Running for Congress - Vote for Him!



The WEST VIRGINIA

ONE
SECTION

SINGLE
COPY
10c

Hillbilly

VOL. V NO. 27

JULY 11, 1964

RICHWOOD, W. VA.

This Paper Is Buying PEARL BUCK HOME

WE WILL PRESENT IT TO NOBEL PRIZE WINNER

We Are Invited To Bail Publishers Out And Label Gift "From West Virginians"

MURIEL CLARK CORBY

NO. June 24 1964 15-55
511

Pay to the order of The Pearl Buck House \$100.00
One hundred and 00/100 DOLLARS

AMERICAN SECURITY
& TRUST COMPANY

Muriel Clark Corby

⑆05⑆⑆⑆0055⑆ 276 54 207⑆

THE BALL HAS ALREADY STARTED ROLLING. THIS IS FIRST CHECK
ON PURCHASE OF PEARL BUCK HOUSE.

HILLBILLY EDITOR IS DOCTOR FOR 24 HOURS AT WVU MED SCHOOL

The editor of Hillbilly has been wanting to have a look at what goes at the Med School,
and last week, he got the opportunity. He was put into a white coat and assigned a resident doctor
for 24 hours. That story will be told next week. It is, speaking non-scientifically, a corker.

NOTICE TO
SAN FRANCISCO
READERS

My wife and I will be
registered at the Sutter
Hotel from July 12 to
July 17, during the Re-
publican Convention.
Hillbilly fans, friends,
foes and readers are in-
vited to phone or call.
Let's get together and
make it a party.

Jim Comstock

his Paper Is Buying

EARL BUCKHOME

PRESENT IT TO NOBEL PRIZE WINNER

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One hundred ~~no~~ DOLLARS

AMERICAN SECURITY
& TRUST COMPANY

THIRTEEN STREET & PENN. AVE. N. W.
WASHINGTON 15 D. C.

Muriel Clark Corby

⑆05⑆⑆⑆0055⑆ 224 5⑆ 207⑆⑆

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JULY 11, 1944

West Virgin

MAYBE YOU COULDN'T
AND HERE WAS THIS MAN WHO

usually doesn't have to ha
the way has to do is mumble
what his one or that has as
the subject of the last pul
mentioned it. Merely mentioned
it. She sailed away a
and August 9, 1956. Now
with the story of
I hope, may the Lord have

By Helen White

December 16, 1897. Rip
as the story of the
man hanging in West V
you

John F. Morgan was the
best attraction and his
the murder spectacle
wholly enjoyed
over 100 men, women,
and many of whom c
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Morgan was described
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the Mrs. Chloe G
and mother of the

Everybody Is Going To Pay For Pearl Buck's House

BARRING SOME UNFORSEEN CATASTROPHE, THE HOUSE THAT PEARL BUCK WAS BORN IN, AND WHICH HER MOTHER WAS BORN IN BEFORE HER, WILL BE BOUGHT BY THIS PAPER AND GIVEN TO THE AUTHOR. AND YOU CAN HELP BY BAILING THE PAPER OUT.

Last week I told you that I would tell you about the role that Bronson and I are playing in the Pearl Buck house at Hillsboro.

Briefly, we are buying the house and presenting it to the distinguished and Nobel Prize winning lady in the name of her mother. Both were born there.

Briefly, this is the story. That is briefly as a non-brief story can be told. For me it is a personal thing. It starts with me in a book reviewing class under Harold "Punk" Pinkard at Marshall University — then simply Marshall College. I was a sophomore. I think. Each Monday morning Punk would bring the new books that publishers sent him for review in his own personal page in the Herald-Advertiser in Huntington. He would toss out the books at us students. One morning mine was a new book by a new author. "The Good Earth" by Pearl Buck.

It was love at first sight. The book wasn't just new, but a new kind of thing, a beautiful kind of writing, a wonderful kind of story of a man and his love for the soil. There was a girl in the class — Kathleen Baxter. I remember her well — who came from Pocahontas county. My review was read to the class and it was published in the paper. It might possibly be that I was the first reviewer of "The Good Earth" in the United States. But I won't push the point. The point is that Kathleen Baxter said very casually when my review was read in the class — Punk made me read over



Pearl Buck

portation being available, we put our thumbs in the air and started hitchhiking. Our first pickup, as I recall now, was a local news-

doctorate degrees (West Virginia State and Bethany) with too little time between each to return home and with too much time to twiddle her thumbs in a hotel room. So Ned Chilton of the Charleston Gazette came up with the idea of a dinner and put Harry Ernst in charge of seeing that the gracious lady wasn't bored. One of Harry's ideas was to send her to mine and Bronson's Museum of the Hills, remembering the drive I had for the state to acquire the home.

She Visited the State

So Pearl Buck came to Richwood. She was supposed to arrive on a Wednesday. If I recall, but on Tuesday night, Mr. Kirk, the keeper of the motel, phoned me that she had arrived, had asked about me, and had retired to her quarters.

That put me into a quandary. First, let me confess that I was just a bit disgruntled with our distinguished guest. I had written her publishers for a flock of her books. I asked that they be sent in time for an autographing session. The publishers informed me that Pearl Buck didn't go in for that kind of thing. That ruffled me just a bit because an author's best evaluation is with the autographing crowd. And second, I didn't know what one did with a person of her high standing. But I did what

Richwood Wholesale for two gross of ball point pens for her to use in autographing her books. She was to do a Franklin Delano Roosevelt job with them. She was to write "Pearl" or even a part of "Pearl" and then "Buck" or just a part of "Buck" and then reach for another pen. I wanted to give half of these away to friends of Hillbilly. Half I wanted to keep in case they were to be sold at so much each if it ever came to pass that public funds were to buy the house.

There was a note of comedy in this signing episode. I doubt if Pearl Buck herself was even aware of this funny thing. There are ball point pens and then there are ball point pens. The ones we could afford in quantity were pretty bad and took a lot of urging. The wax or something had to be taken off with a violent pushing of the pen on other material. Miss Buck could not even get her first one to work. Nor the second one. So I took a pen, vigorously manipulated it on paper until the goo came. She took the one from me and sign-

ed the book. By now I had no other ready. My son, who saw the dilemma and got down on their hands and knees with me on the floor, and with sheets of paper, produced the pens for writing.

The comic aspect was the chauffeur. He stood around with a blasé grin, no doubt, that he had seen such a show, with his hands and knees, ball point pens ready to be gracious lady who graced kept on signing and writing at the idea of "using" ball point pens for two little words. There was method in his madness, as a gross was produced in no time following the announcement in Richwood of their availability for sale. A gross is now available to Pearl Buck fans, but not free. Read on.

There were many things to tell about Pearl Buck. To Richwood I really would know where to tell her lunch as nothing to do

(Turn to Page 5)

IN THIS PART OF THE STATE

Thousands
say



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A New Writer

Then I searched for more of this new and strange writer, found there were two other titles, "The Young Revolutionist" and "East Wind: West Wind." I read them later, and after I had graduated and no newspaper jobs were to be had. I turned to teaching English. I read "The Young Revolutionist" as a behavior and achievement bonus to my students along with such other classics as "Dracula" and "David Copperfield."

The years went on and the affection grew with my live heroine's achievements. I glowed when the Pulitzer Prize people shared my appreciation for her, and I was with her all the way when she won the highest of temporal recognitions with the Nobel Prize.

But most of all I gloried in the little bit of glow it could give our state and our people to have this great person among us. We had always been the depressed state, not financially, heaven knows, as West Virginians get pretty much what they want, but in spirit for some reason. Then the Canadian



Pearl Buck

portation being available, we put our thumbs in the air and started hitchhiking. Our first pickup, as I recall now, was a local newspaperman, who took us to visit his paper office and shop, and then gave us the car and told us to visit the Leacock Memorial.

It was, of course, Leacock's house. Not the one he was born in, like Pearl Buck's, but the last he had lived in. I had always been a Leacock fan and was surprised that the Memorial House didn't possess more of his things. In charge of the House was a Kentuckian, who got the job because he had done a biography of Leacock.

I asked him why there was so little of Leacock's personal things on exhibit. He said the thing that since then became the crux of my drive for the Pearl Buck home in West Virginia.

"We let our man die before we started the Memorial; before we had the idea. If we had it to do over, we would have the idea a good decade before Stephen Leacock died."

The Germ

That was the germ. I decided that West Virginia was going to have a Pearl Buck Memorial House — her own house — the one she was born in, the one that her mother was born in before her — and we were going to have it during the life time of Pearl Buck. So I returned home and upon every occasion possible I

mentioned her publishers for a flock of her books. I asked that they be sent in time for an autographing session. The publishers informed me that Pearl Buck didn't go in for that kind of thing. That ruffled me just a bit because an author's best evaluation is with the autographing crowd. And second, I didn't know what one did with a person of her high standing. But I did what I thought was right. I went to the motel. Her chauffeur was up. Robin Chamis, a motel guest, introduced me to him, and the chauffeur and I went to the motel room and he knocked.

After a time, the window curtain moved a bit, and a part of the face showed. "Yes?" "Mr. Comstock is here." She said something about having been told about me, and asked me if I would wait. In a few minutes she came to the door fully dressed. We exchanged pleasantries and talked of plans for tomorrow. I detected a loneliness on her part. I had the feeling she wanted to talk. But it was drizzling a rain and we couldn't stand there on the outside. And she wasn't asking me in, I saw that.

She Came to My House

So I stammered an invitation for her to come to the house. I have visions of my wife sprawled out in treader pants watching television. I hoped the lady would say no. But she said yes, and I drove her to the house. My wife was just as I knew she would be, but it didn't matter. They were just two women, visiting each oth-

manipulated it on paper until the goo came. She took the one from me and sign-

IN THIS PART OF THE STATE

Thousands say



Best Book Buy of the Year

2 Memorable Centennial Books of Lasting Value

West Virginia in the Civil War

By Boyd Stutler

☆ HOW WE FOUGHT ☆

304 Pages - \$4

Banner in the Hills

The years went on and the affection grew with my live heroine's achievements. I glowed when the Pulitzer Prize people shared my appreciation for her, and I was with her all the way when she won the highest of temporal recognitions with the Nobel Prize.

But most of all I gloried in the little bit of glow it could give our state and our people to have this great person among us. We had always been the depressed state, not financially, heaven knows, as West Virginians get pretty much what they want, but in spirit for some reason. Then the Canadian government invited me to come there along with some thirty other United States editors and be its guest. It was there that the germ of doing something about Pearl Buck as a possession for the ages was born. The visit extended over a Sunday which was given over to the editors to do as they would. I happened to pick up a circular in the hotel lobby that extolled the tourist wonders in the area we were stopping in, and one of them was the Stephen Leacock Memorial House. I got with Landon Wills, a Kentucky editor, and, no trans-

started the memorial. But we had the idea. If we had it to do over, we would have the idea a good decade before Stephen Leacock died."

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And all this time Pearl Buck had not even heard of me, but I had a contact or two that said she would like to have her old home back, that she had tried but the owner of it, Mr. George Edgar, would never think of parting with it.

Then two things happened. Mr. Edgar died, first. Next, the Centennial Year (last year — 1963) brought Pearl Buck to West Virginia to accept two

couldn't stand there on the outside. And she wasn't asking me in, I saw that.

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She came to the Museum the next morning. I steeled myself to ask her if she would autograph the foreign editions of her books that Bob Munn and Charles Shetler of the WVU Library had left with us. She would be most glad, she said. And I sent out to the

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Bucks For Pearl Buck's House

(From Page 4)

could offer would ever come up to some of the places in this world that have entertained her. It was Bronson who came up with the solution.

"Let's take her to the Fenwick boarding house," he said. And we did. We sat in the kitchen where loggers and lumbermen ate, and ate the same food, and I am sure this will always be Pearl Buck's retreat when she goes back in memories to life's little pleasures. She made a little speech about all men being brothers. And then we filed out. But in leaving there was something so tenderly sweet that happened to her that it makes one almost cry to write of it. An old lady limped out from a bedroom. She faltering made her way to the exquisitely tailored Pearl Buck and threw her arms about her and wept. Thus did a representative of the people of America step forward and pay tribute. To a writer? To the woman who wrote "The Good Earth"? No, none of that had registered on this old lady. Nothing of that brought her limping from her bed to pay tribute. She had read the lady's books, but she had also read the papers about Pearl Buck. The old woman knew Pearl Buck had adopted many children and sent them through college as her own, and had started an orphanage because she so loved children, but was afraid to have another after she found that her first-born would never be right.

Her chauffeur drove her away to the dinner, to Pocahontas, to Greenbrier, to her doctorates. And after she arrived home she wrote a letter to the governor of West Vir-

ginia. She said she would like to work out an arrangement whereby she could buy her ancestral home, her mother's home and her own home, and give it to the state as a memorial to her mother. For some reason the arrangements weren't made, and Pearl Buck gave up the idea. She wrote to a friend in Pocahontas County:

"... Perhaps it will be a burden to the State of West Virginia to have such a gift as this house. If the tourist trade were better developed it could be useful, but to have the expense before there is real tourist interest would be a serious burden to an already economically burdened state."

Lack of Concern

The state's lack of concern at accepting a free tourist attraction, plus the writings of outside newspaper reporters and magazine writers, had now brainwashed our heroine. I learned of the lack of concern on the state's part a month ago from friends of Pearl Buck. Then I wrote an editorial for the June 27th paper in which I accused the governor of having not acted in behalf of the state and had in essence scorned a very fine lady. I read the editorial to Bronson to see what he thought, knowing that we possibly were further alienating ourselves with state brass, and as I read, I said to myself, the governor is one man, and Holy Moses, you are one man so what are you doing about the Pearl Buck house?

I said to Bronson, "Let's buy the house." Bronson is the practical one. Where would we get that kind of money, he wanted to know. I told him we would borrow it, using our

For Pearl Buck's House

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Main Street office building and the Pearl Buck house as collateral. And then we would invite the people of West Virginia to pick up the tab.

"You mean, of course, bail us out," Bronson said. This is getting to be quite a term in West Virginia, bailing out.

I said, "Of course. People are always waiting to do the right thing. They need to be organized. We will do what the governor should have done."

Bronson wanted to know how we would extract this money from the people. I had that worked out. "First, sell autographed used Pearl Buck books for ten dollars each. Dip into our gross of ball point pens that she autographed with at the Museum last summer and offer them at five dollars. Issue a special Pearl Buck edition of Hillbilly and sell it for a hundred bucks. (No pun.)

Option Secured

Then we called in Jim Barber, the lawyer and told him to prepare an option. He and Bronson went over to look at the place, and to talk to Tom and Betsy Edgar. The option went off, but came back. We hadn't included enough money for the extra land they wanted to go with it. So back again. The figures were forty thousand dollars plus.

Then I went to see Murray Smith, the Clay banker. "When you are ready come down, and we'll go to Charleston together and get a bank there to handle it."

So, in summary, we are buying the house. We have the option, we are getting a loan and will schedule payments. We are making the deed out to Pearl Buck to do with the house as she wants to, and at her death it will come to West Virginia, to be controlled as the Cass Railroad is, or by a commission of persons. In the meantime, and starting as of now, we are on a fund raising campaign. We want it said that the house was bought by West Virginia people and presented to

Pearl Buck House Fund,
Care Hillbilly,
Richwood, W. Va.

Enclosed is check for \$_____ to the purchase of the Pearl S. Buck and In return I am to receive:

(Check Which)

() A pen which Pearl Buck autographed when she visited West Virginia last summer

() An autographed book by Pearl Buck that this is a second hand book, and U.S. as to quality or title. (\$10).

() An autographed limited edition devoted exclusively to Pearl Buck, her Hillbilly house. \$100.

Signed _____

P. S. A copy of this paper sent to _____

you a contribution.

tribute. My check for one hundred dollars will be sent immediately." We got it the next day. Mail is good between here and Washington.

Then I was on the phone with Dr. Bernard Zimmermann. "Put me down as the second one," he said when I explained about the lady in Washington.

That's the story. It's as brief as I could make it, being the long-winded fellow. This part is briefer. Make your check out to Pearl Buck House. Five dollars gives you a souvenir pen that Pearl Buck autographed with on her trip to West Virginia last summer and will autograph with during this fund raising job. I doubt if the pen will write.

Send \$100 and you will get an inscribed, autographed, copy of a special Pearl Buck edition of Hillbilly, all of its space donated to Buckiana, biographical material, reprints, pictures, congratulatory remarks from advertisers, etc. This edition will be limited to under 500 copies, depending upon how much money is needed

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Let me tell you this, before we get into a hard sell, and before we stop this long article. Muriel Clark Corby phoned from Washington the day she received her copy of Hillbilly telling that the Pearl Buck house was lost to West Virginia. This last paragraph of that article distressed her:

And thus, have we lost the prize catch of a century. We, the people of West Virginia, who should have bought the house, who should have invited the gracious lady to live there, and then, when she is gone, give it to the world as a shrine, have been sold short by our leadership. She spoke of the "burden to an already economically burdened state" knowing deep in her heart, as I know in

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theory of mine: That out of state people rally to causes better than in state people. But that's a theory, and a kind of abetting one at that. We want to use names because it keeps everybody honest and names have a tendency to beget names. Our goal is \$50,000. We want a bit to fix the place up some.

One more thing. The quicker you get on the ball and send in your checks, the more interest we save ourselves. — JFC

The Life of "Major General Thomas Maley Harris"

By H. E. Matheny

\$9

HILLBILLY BOOKSHOP
Richwood, W. Va.

TALES AND LORE OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

\$3

Hillbilly Bookshop
Richwood, W. Va.

The Fairmont Hotel



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Pennsylvania will now get
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get our commodities as us-
ual, and our pockets of pov-
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HILLBILLY BOOKSHOP
Richwood, W. Va.

TALES AND LORE OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

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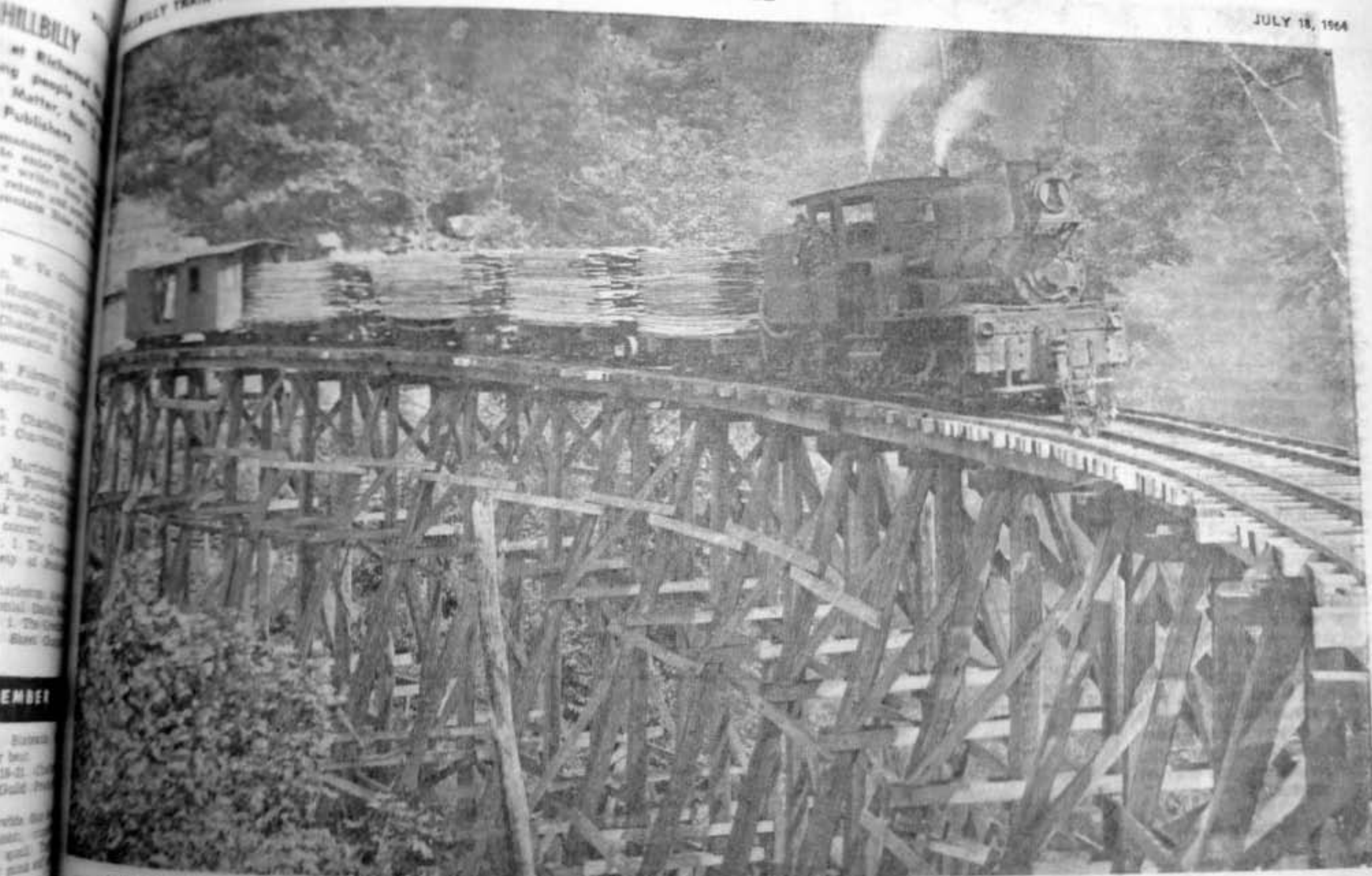
Hillbilly Bookshop
Richwood, W. Va.

The Fairmont Hotel



- New-Modern Accommodations—
Including Air Conditioning, T.V., and Radio
- Two Delightful Restaurants—
Fairmont's Finest Foods at Popular Prices
- Convention Facilities—
West Virginia's Finest Convention Hotel
- Banquet and Meeting Rooms—
7 Function Rooms to Accommodate 4 to 400

Fairmont, West Virginia



WHEN LUMBER REALLY CAME HIGH

Lumber came high back in them there days beyond recall. Here it is, panting over a trestle for the Mayton (?) Lumber Co. of near Pickens around 1915 or '16. The engineer is identified as Fred Wanner, and the man who sent the picture is our old lumber- and railroading friend, Ora Gilles of Webster Springs.

our country during the period of 1875-1900 are fast disappearing from the face of America. If for no other reason, education of our present

cational. Talk about hillbilly West Virginia and poverty-stricken Appalachia — Cass and the railroad can be a veritable gold-mine and like Du-

You are to be complimented on the West Virginia Hillbilly. It has done more to draw attention to West Virginia than any other medium. As our

WHEN LUMBER REALLY CAME HIGH

Lumber came high back in them there days beyond recall. Here is a Shay panting over a trestle for the Mayton (?) Lumber Company of near Pickens around 1915 or '16. The engineer is identified as Tom Weaver, and the man who sent the picture is our old lumbering and railroading friend, Ora Gilles of Webster Springs.



PUFFIN' AND PUFFIN'

Marietta, Ohio

Quite honored and delighted that you and Bronson stopped for lunch, here in Marietta, deep in the dark hinterland of Ohio and nearly in the center of poverty-stricken Appalachia. I enclose a tear sheet of "Round and Round" which describes our trip last October to Cass, W. Va., and the delightful and thrilling ride on the Cass Scenic Railroad.

As you know I am a dedicated railfan and I have traveled in all 48 states of the continental United States. I have owned many "synthetic" steam railroads in amusement parks. While there is a certain amount of fun and satisfaction in owning and riding this type of railroading, it can be likened to getting down on the parlor floor and playing with a child's toy railroad train. In this day of dieselization, genuine steam operation of a bona-fide railroad is now classed as a Rembrandt. I refer to the Strasburg Railroad at Rock, Pa., the Lancaster Railroad in Lancaster, Pa., the Arkansas Railroad in Arkansas, and of course the Narrow Gauge & Rio Grande Western Railroad in southern Colorado. Some figures might surprise you. Up until a few years ago, the railroad com-

pany has tried for abandonment of the entire section between Silverton, Durango and Alamosa. The I.C.C. has consistently denied permission and today the D&RGW is mighty happy they were not permitted to abandon this trackage and the steam locomotives that operate the trains. Each summer from June 1st to Sept. 5th approximately, they have operated the "Silverton" between Durango and Silverton. It is 45.2 miles and goes up the Animas Canyon which presents some of the most spectacular scenery in all of Colorado and is not accessible to automobiles. As the word has spread, business has increased so that last year, in 1963, two trains a day have been operated. New coaches have been built in the manner of 1890 and passengers have increased so that in 1963 over 51,000 passengers were hauled during the summer season. Furthermore, the D&RGW Railroad has bought a solid block of buildings in downtown Durango and adjacent their newly spruced-up station and they are converting them into 1890 type of stores to provide "atmosphere" for visitors and tourists.

The Statler Hotel last year bought an adjacent building and installed an old type theatre which offers 1890 type attractions. It is a huge success as is their Diamond Belle Saloon which is a gem displaying the fashions and architecture of the Gay 90's period in Colorado's great gold and silver boom days. One of the reasons this attraction has been successful is that it is genuine. People flock to Durango from every state and many foreign countries. In this day and age of modern improvements and dieselization, genuine mementoes of dynamic growth and expansion of

our country during the period of 1875-1900 are fast disappearing from the face of America. If for no other reason, education of our present generation of how our pioneer forefathers developed our country is important. Along with this genuine fun and recreation is an added fringe benefit.

As I told you, last October I made a trip to Cass, W. Va., and rode on the Cass Scenic railroad. In my opinion, this operation has one of the greatest possibilities for a real tourist attraction of anything I know of in this part of the United States. The scenery is breath-taking and spectacular. The operation is genuine steam and the switchbacks are out of this world and only found in logging operations and in the first days of railroading when railroads crossed high mountains before tunnels could be built. Furthermore, Shay locomotives are far more scarce than regular steam locomotives. As stated in my commentary — only 2771 Shays were ever built. So the Cass has another historical attraction which cannot be duplicated anywhere else in the United States.

What Cass and the railroad needs is a little sprucing up. Cass has seen finer days and is now a "ghost" town — so that is exactly what you want. That's the reason many "ghost" towns in Colorado and California are doing a land office business is because they are "ghost" towns. A good restaurant in the old building and a gift shop would add to its ability to draw and serve more people. Otherwise leave Cass as it is. It is genuine and has a truly mountain atmosphere and flavor.

Publicity is the most important thing. An illustrated booklet with pictures and the story about the good old days and about the more prosperous days when the big mill was operating all add to the interest. Nearby are other attractions, both scenic and edu-

HIGH

beyond recall. Here
Taylor (?) Lumber
engineer is identified
in our old lumber-
rings.

ed for abandon-
entire section be-
n. Durango and
C.C. has con-
e permission
D&RGW is
they were not
abandon this
the steam loco-
operate the
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pt. 5th approxi-
have operated
between Dur-
ton. It is 45.2
up the Animas
presents some
spectacular scene-
Colorado and is
to automobiles.
spread, busi-
ed so that last
two trains a day
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been built in
1890 and pas-
senger so that
1000 passengers
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ago and adja-
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are convert-
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"atmosphere"
tourists.

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1890 type
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gem display-
and antiques.
It's parked in
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state and
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cational. Talk about hillbilly
West Virginia and poverty-
stricken Appalachia — Cass
and the railroad can be a veri-
table gold-mine and like Du-
rango, Colorado, can someday
bring in thousands of railfans
and tourists from all over the
United States. Tourist busi-
ness is big business and it can
be developed with what you
have on hand.

No million dollar factories
have to be built. You as guard-
ian of the Cass and Richwood
region — don't let the Cass
ever get away from you. Be-
cause of the scarcity of steam
and operating Shay locomotives
in particular — Cass is
the only (tourist) steam opera-
tion in the United States —
and it is a genuine article and
a genuine Rembrandt.

You are to be complimented
on the West Virginia Hillbilly.
It has done more to draw at-
tention to West Virginia than
any other medium. As our
population increases and the
land surface becomes more
and more a junkyard, the na-
tural beauty of the West Vir-
ginia mountains and the open
spaces will someday be a mag-
netic attraction for hemmed-
in city dwellers to taste the
last vestiges of fresh air, open
spaces and genuine and un-
spoiled natural beauty. Say
what you please about West
Virginia "hillbillies" — they
are honest and friendly folks
and the last surviving descen-
dants of the pioneering people
who came west and helped
make America great.

Steve Hoag

IT'S BACK — SEND YOUR ORDERS AGAIN FOR

WHISTLING THRU DIXIE

The old Buffalo Creek and Gauley will never die
really because it is on wax. A new record out called
"Whistling thru Dixie" includes the Dundon engine along
with such others as the East Tennessee & Western North
Carolina, the Mississippian, the Warren & Saline River,
and others. Our interest of course is the Buffalo Creek
and G. Says the record blurb:

"No 4, leaves the roundhouse, sets out the caboose
and returns to the yard on the mainline. Note: The sound
dip presents as the locomotive returns is due to the set
out caboose standing between our microphones and the
locomotive. From a deep wooded valley, the sounds of the
2-8-0 echo from over a mile away as she works her way
to Widen with fifty empties.

"A lumber camp proves most interesting. Explod-
ing sawdust flavors the background for No. 4, losing her
feet several times, as she winds her way up a deep river
canyon, disappearing with the whistle screaming like a
banshee."

There's one BC&G picture on the back of the al-
bum. Eight different "scenes" on the two sides. Profes-
sional pressing. An exciting evening for any rail buff. \$5.

HILLBILLY BOOKSHOP
Richwood, W. Va.

If There's Any Doubt In Your
Mind About A

MEMORIAL TO PEARL BUCK

Read This

From Antiquarian Bookman, May 11, 1964: "The Key West (Fla.) home of Hemingway has been opened as a 'museum' by its new owner."

And this from Publishers' Weekly, June 29, 1964: "Every year in Dublin on Bloomsday, June 16, the James Joyce Tower Museum is formally opened for the season. This year two new items, a drinking glass belonged to a hangman, and it was found in Barney Kiernan's public house, the drinking establishment which figures prominently in Joyce's 'Ulysses.'"

And If There's Any Doubt About
Whether You Should Contribute
Or Not, Read This

Chicago Tribune, July 6. Robert Cromie, literary editor, is talking about the proposed purchase of the Pearl Buck House by the people of West Virginia and giving it to her as a gift: "It is expected, of course, that in time the home will become a literary shrine and a tourist attraction . . . That is, if there are enough other West Virginians with the Comstock-McClung flair. There aren't many persons around any more with the instinct for making the grand gesture; it is a delight to come across a couple, and good luck!"

Now, If You Want To Help Pay For
Pearl Buck's House and Give It To Her . . .

\$5.

gets you a pen which Pearl Buck autographed books with while in Richwood last summer, and which she will sign others with.

\$10.

gets you an autographed book by Pearl Buck. There is no choice of title or condition of books. The books are bought from second hand stores all over the nation, are autographed, wrapped and mailed.

\$100.

gets you a limited edition of either a book by Pearl Buck about her Hillsboro home, or of this newspaper telling the complete life of Pearl Buck, giving a bibliography, and some random selections from her writing. Whatever it is, will be limited, so that the value will increase year after year. So send your \$5, your \$10, or your \$100 to the one we have asked to serve as treasurer: Dr. Joseph Marsh, President of Concord College, Athens, W. Va.

(COUPON ON PAGE 6)

Napoleon Officer Built Roads

George Was Also First in Real Estate

It will be many a year before any industrial enterprise near Poca in Putnam County can claim ownership of as much land as one particular man owned at one time, George Washington.

The man who was first in war, and first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, was first in the real estate business in West Virginia.

At one time he owned 7,276 acres of the best land there is in the Charleston sector. This land was given to him as a grant by John Murray, Earl of Dunmore, last royal governor of Virginia, no peace to his bones. This was for services in the French and Indian Wars.

That grant, says the document, "bordered on the Great Kanawha 12 miles and 227 poles." By 1773 Washington had surveyed nearly half his land with George Muse doing the job.

from anywhere you
its worth the drive
STERLING
just to have lunch

Stopping at the STERLING is
sooner or later, just about every
Capital City has

U. S. 50, which is a main transcontinental road, slicing across northern West Virginia, joining the Virginia Line with the Ohio River bottom land at Parkersburg, has been a road longer than the mind of man runs because before people traversed it, the buffalo

as early as 1784, George Washington suggested this trail for a wagon road, what he called the "new West." Six years later the Virginia assembly ordered the construction of a wagon road from Winchester to Morgantown and Romney.

In 1790 the course was marked as far as Parkersburg, but actual road-building was not started for some 37 years at which time the North-Western Land Company was formed.

The stock for the new company sold off well because the skeptical public couldn't see how roads could be built through such a mountainous terrain. In 1831 the State came to the rescue, giving the company the power to borrow \$125,000 on State credit.

The money, said the State, was to be used to construct a road from Winchester to the banks of the Ohio, and was known as the Northwestern Turnpike.

A former officer of Napoleon got the job. He was Col. Claudius Crozet, who became an engineering instructor at West Virginia after serving in the French Army.

By 1838 the road ended at Parkersburg, and the steady stream of Conestoga wagons sped the course of civilization

Sexual Behavior of the Richwood Female

IT WAS REALLY NO TIME FOR FOOLISHNESS WITH A GAPPING HOLE ON PAGE ELEVEN TO BE FILLED, BUT THE EDITOR, EITHER CAPRICIOUS OR ANGRY AT DR. KINSEY AND HIS REPORT, DECIDED TO CONDUCT HIS OWN SURVEY.

Here on the News Leader last week we were rather put out because all the big papers throughout the country got the scoop on the new book that Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey put together about the way women behave in private with men. While I heard somewhere that this fellow Kinsey, who investigated man's private life with women a couple or so years ago, was working on such a book, we didn't know a blessed thing about it until The Charleston Gazette and The Daily Mail came out with a few columns on the thing.

That same week Time Magazine and its underling Life paid more than a passing glance at the volume. So I have made up my mind that there was a public relations man in the woodpile and that the papers were tipped off in advance of



Richwooders have known about it for years.

made at one of the Richwood night clubs. I saw this girl (I always give them the benefit of any doubt, although it has been years since she was a girl in the age sense.) I saw this girl, as I said, sitting in a booth having a beer. I took out my little pad and pencil and addressed her as "Madame".

"I ain't the Madame" she said, "She's out, so anything's right by me".

I told her that I would like to talk about her s-e-x life. I

By Jim Comstock

the Kinsey report and was getting a divorce.

"All these years, mind you. All these years and I didn't know she was frigid."

I wandered over to a booth and said, "Babe, whatta you think of this Kinsey stuff?"

"I can take it or leave it", she said, "But I prefer Old Granddad".

I should have told her that I was talking about the report, not the beverage and kept on investigating. But I gave it up. Too dumb, these night spot women.

For normal reaction to a scientific investigation, I concluded, the scientific investigator must call upon the most normal of women, meaning of course, the housewife. I knocked on a door. The woman looked intelligent enough, and I



"I take mine out in drinking."

At the next house I ran into pay dirt. The woman was extremely frank and she told me all the intimate details of her private life and it was so exciting that Kathleen Windsor's "Forever Amber" seemed like a Horatio Alger book by comparison. But I don't feel like using her interview in this report because just as she got to the most exciting part the bedroom door opened and her

dog and so on? I with a capital I. you get hold of with pictures on spire husband? man . . .

I left after vince her that sey man. Just conducting his science.

"Well I never got out of the The next better. I told that I was in sex life.

"Don't h "I take mine

I suspect horseplay for it isn't taken it is my on the good do of his invest ual habits female. Per lived long fool of my I know any but I don't could booe nermost se soul, and

public relations man in the woodpile and that the papers were tipped off in advance of



I worked my own contacts.

the book's publishing date and, why the blazes, I said, didn't we get the same respect, knowing that the things that Dr. Kinsey had recently discovered have been known in Richwood way before Cam Griggs put in his grocery and notions store here years and years ago.

Bronson and I try to live up to journalistic standards and when we are flaunted by an old snooper like Dr. Kinsey, we don't like it. We'll put our libido up against The Charleston Gazette's anytime in the week and a couple of times on Sunday and have libido left over.

There's nothing a newspaper would rather do than write about sex and Doc Kinsey has given the dailies the chance of their life and they've been able to use words

girl, as I said, sitting in a booth having a beer. I took out my little pad and pencil and addressed her as "Madame".

"I ain't the Madame" she said, "She's out, so anything's right by me".

I told her that I would like to talk about her s-e-x life. I just couldn't bring myself to say the awful word.

"Come again, honey, I never went to no school. Set down. Y'don't have to be bashful".

I knew I'd have to say it, and I did, but it didn't bother her.

"You mean you just want me to talk about it, dearie? I wouldn't know how much to charge for that."

I told her that the investigation was being made in the name of s-c-i-e-n-c-e. I wasn't sure whether that word is considered proper in these days or not, and I didn't want to get off on the wrong foot. But I had to say it. She got it.



cluded, the scientific investigator must call upon the most normal of women, meaning of course, the housewife. I knocked on a door. The woman looked intelligent enough, and I



I couldn't bring myself to say the awful word

knew I wouldn't have to go through the rigmarole about the Kinsey report. I said.

"Madame, I am conducting a scientific investigation and I would like to inquire, are you frigid?"

The hussy looked me straight in the eye.

"Yes," she said, "I am the frigid type and it will haunt me to my death. Cold, unfeeling and well, frigid, that is what I am. And I have ten children. All of them are boys. And do you know what I call them? I call them my frigid heirs."

She sat down on the sofa and laughed like a horse and kept saying, "Me, frigid?" and laughed and laughed.

We scientists know that the investigatee must be serious during an interview. I

extremely frank and she told me all the intimate details of her private life and it was so exciting that Kathleen Windsor's "Forever Amber" seemed like a Horatio Alger book by comparison. But I don't feel like using her interview in this report because just as she got to the most exciting part the bedroom door opened and her husband, who works the hoot owl, came out stretching and yawning.

"Yap, yap, yapping. How can a feller sleep! And don't pay any attention to her, bub, she's just bragging. And believe you me, brother, I know. Where's my dinner? Yap, yap, yap."

The next house wasn't what I expected and the woman there was all confused. "So you are one of those Kinsey guys, huh! Well am I de-



"Are you normal?", I asked.

lighted with a capital D. I want

it isn't taken it is my own the good form of his investigation female. From lived long a fool of me I know any but I don't could honest nearest second soul, and what difference Women who do much in place, is my woman says is probably Kinsey does numbers w therefore, of me figure science or of the girl this investi You can old fashioned terested in lives and lies that private ma dividuals c years the on in us think it is it there. I'll extend lifetime) a body who that the Richwood years.

...years and years ago.
Bronson and I try to live up to journalistic standards and when we are flouted by an old snooper like Dr. Kinsey, we don't like it. We'll put our libido up against The Charleston Gazette's anytime in the week and a couple of times on Sunday and have libido left over.

There's nothing a newspaper would rather do than write about sex and Doc Kinsey has given the dailies the chance of their life and they've been able to use words in print that they used only on advertisers who insisted on last minute copy changes. The papers know that there's nothing that readers would rather do than to find out how their neighbors get along in private, i. e. bed, and I suspect that the thing that made Adam and Eve the sad married couple they were was that there was nobody to spy on.

However flouted by Dr. Kinsey we will rise to the occasion and do our best to go Dr. Kinsey one better. I have decided to out-Kinsey Kinsey, using Richwood as my own happy snooping ground. I give to our readers my own findings of "The Sexual Behavior in the Richwood Human Female" all for the regular subscription fee and not for any \$8.00 the way Kinsey did. I worked out my own contacts, and have arrived at my own conclusions.

My first case study was



"I ain't married," she said.

"But you could buy me a Burger for what you want me to tell you, couldn't you, dearie?"

I knew the code of the scientist. I knew that scientific investigations couldn't be reduced to the mercenary norm and I left her and went to another of the town's hot spots.

I decided I had better get the proprietor's permission to interview his guests on the subject of their sex life.

"You gotta be hard with 'em. Tell 'em what you want and git it." He was sympathetic with the cause. He, the father of a number of kids, had read

in the eye.
"Yes," she said, "I am the frigid type and it will haunt me to my death. Cold, unfeeling and well, frigid, that is what I am. And I have ten children. All of them are boys. And do you know what I call them? I call them my frigid heirs."

She sat down on the sofa and laughed like a horse and kept saying, "Me, frigid?" and laughed and laughed.

We scientists know that the investigatee must be serious during an interview. I knew there was nothing here. I tried another part of town.

I found a "normal" home. The mother was bent over a washboard while the five children played merrily together. One was building a fire under the sofa. Another was gouging out the cat's eyes and the other three were pounding nails into the floor. I told the lady of the house my mission and asked:

"Did you have any sexual experience before marriage?"

"I ain't married," she said. In another part of town I knocked on the door and when the lady opened up, I told her my mission and put it to her direct.

"Are you normal?" I asked, taking out my pad and pencil.

"How could I be normal and live in Richwood," she screamed and added a filthy little four-letter word and slammed the door in my face.

I wonder how many doors were slammed in Kinsey's face.



"Are you normal?", I asked.

lighted with a capital D. I want to ask you something. The papers said that, well us, you know, we girls get, well, you see, get inspired by biting. Now what do you fellows mean by that. Do we girls do the biting, or are we supposed to be bitten? Do our husbands bite us, or do we bite them, or can a dog bite us or do we bite a

dividuals of upper years the act has been on in utter darkness think it is just as well it there.
I'll extend a lifetime subscription to anybody who can tell me that the doctor has Richwooders haven't years.

I decided to leave a note

10 Weeks for a Dollar

If you are a stranger to Hillbilly, and don't chance the full year's expenditure of \$5 and then you can't stand the sheet, then the thing to do is to on the short-time, trial basis of ten weeks for a dollar even if you just line shelves or protect windshields from every blast with it, it is only a buck you are out. And you might save yourself four bucks. Frankly, there are people who can't abide Hillbilly. And there are some on the old family journal right smart. Fill out and send to Hillbilly, Richwood, W. Va.

Pocahontas County

"STEAM"

THOUSANDS OF TOURISTS POUR INTO THE MOUNTAIN TOWN OF POCAHONTAS WHICH WAS HEADED FOR THE GRAVEYARD AFTER TIMBER WAS EXHAUSTED BUT THANKS TO "STEAM" ENJOYS A NEW KIND OF PROSPERITY!

The law has many changes in the law and Christmas Day, but the law that never seems to change is that all these years, dad is the one who knows how to operate his little train.

On the Christmas day will come a special train while junior is waiting until dad leaves the house without dad shouting at

the fascination connected with it is difficult to explain, but the fact is that a railroad buff — almost a word — How else can anyone explain the tremendous popularity of the railroad?

The Pocahontas Railroad operates an old steam locomotive. (Shay) which runs a distance of only four miles, and persons of all ages travel hundreds of miles to make the trip up Bald Mountain.

its facilities are geared to the needs of this railroad buff and the tourist.

This railroad was part of a logging operation which is no longer in existence. The track, cars and engine were destined for the scrap heap until someone correctly guessed that they might be used to help West Virginia celebrate its Centennial year as a State.

Since this area is one of the most beautiful, in a State known for its beautiful scenery, the State's Natural Resources Department decided to help out with financial support to get the project



Loading up for another run up Bald Mountain

underway. It was an instant success, and next year, the ride will be longer—about eight and one-half miles. This will take the riders all the way to the top of Bald Mountain where facilities will be available for picnics or just loafing around enjoying the magnificent views.

For all those persons planning a trip through West Virginia next summer, additional information may be acquired by writing to the State of West Virginia Department of Natural Resources, Division of Parks and Recreation, State Capitol, Charleston, West Virginia.



...the distance of only four
...and percent of
...to make
...Mountain.

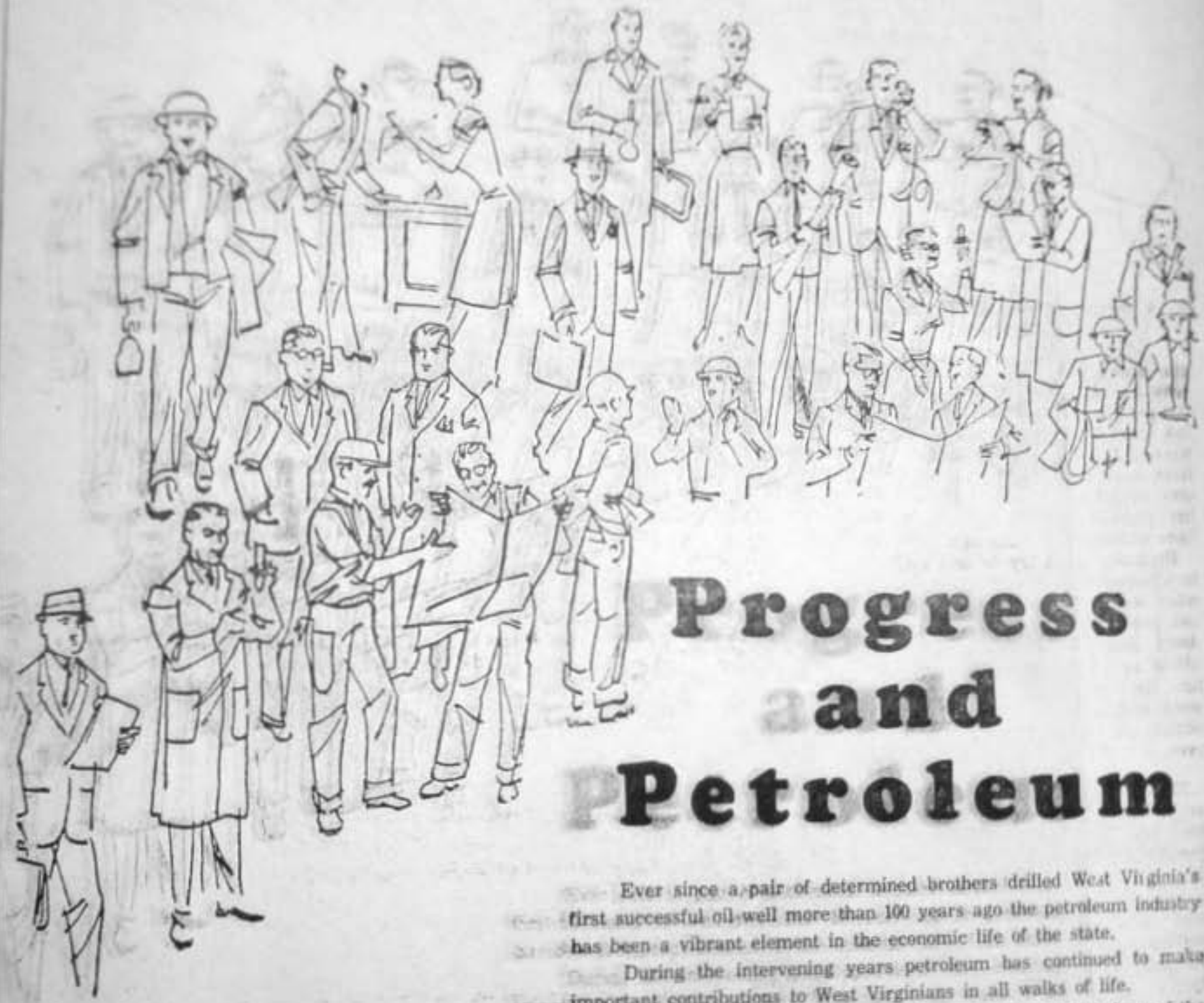


...ing to some of the tourists
...impression that some of
...world scenery in the State
...which can be seen from
...to the fact that
...riding on a train pulled
...right."

...familiar chug-chug of the
...steam whistle, the
...man shoveling coal, and
...bring that look
...happiness to the faces of the
...the look that dad gets
...playing with junior's

...Cass Railroad, which
...depot in Pocahontas
...to a meadow on the side
...Mountain. It is the most popular
...Mountain State. Of course,

Dollar
...and don't want
...then decide
...to sub



Progress and Petroleum

Ever since a pair of determined brothers drilled West Virginia's first successful oil well more than 100 years ago the petroleum industry has been a vibrant element in the economic life of the state.

During the intervening years petroleum has continued to make important contributions to West Virginians in all walks of life.

It provides jobs: 10,000 are directly employed in some phase of the business — as geologists, drillers, refinery workers, salesmen, dealers, pipeline employees and in many other occupations.

The industry less directly affects the lives of every other West Virginian by supplying much of the raw material for the state's industrial economy, providing a handy, convenient energy source for home and business consumption, and contributing a major share to the state's tax revenues.

West Virginians, like Americans everywhere, have found that progress and petroleum go hand-in-hand.

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West Virginia Petroleum Association

Suite 714 Atlas Building — Charleston, West Virginia



Walking around the bend

...she is ...
 ...doesn't ...
 ...with his ...
 ...I can't ...
 ...figure out ...
 ...or anybody ...
 ...the girlie ...
 ...investigation ...
 ...can put me ...
 ...fashioned soul ...
 ...in other ...
 ...and one who ...
 ...that sex is an ...
 ...te matter between ...
 ...uals of opposite ...
 ...the act has been ...
 ...n utter darkness ...
 ...it is just as well ...
 ...re.

...extend a lifetime ...
 ...he) subscription ...
 ...who can tell me ...
 ...the doctor learned ...
 ...ooders haven't known



...to leave it in ...

Dollar



After talking to some of the tourists we get the impression that some of the most beautiful scenery in the State of West Virginia which can be seen from the cars is incidental to the fact that they are "really riding on a train pulled by a steam engine."

The once familiar chug-chug of the engine, the old-time steam whistle, the sight of the fireman shoveling coal, and the holiday atmosphere bring that look of magic happiness to the faces of the men similar to the look that dad gets when he starts playing with junior's train.

The Cass Scenic Railroad, which operates from the Cass depot in Pocahontas County to a meadow on the side of Bald Mountain, is the most popular in the Mountain State. Of course,



"STEAM"

EACH YEAR THOUSANDS OF TOURISTS POUR INTO THE MOUNTAIN TOWN OF CASS WHICH WAS HEADED FOR THE GRAVEYARD AFTER TIMBER WAS DEPLETED, BUT THANKS TO "STEAM" ENJOYS A NEW KIND OF PROSPERITY.

There have been many changes in the way we spend Christmas Day, but there is one thing that never seems to change — after all these years, dad is still "showing junior how to operate his new electric train."

Days after Christmas dad will continue to operate the train while junior sits idly by waiting until dad leaves so he can touch it without dad shouting at him.

What is the fascination connected with a train? It is difficult to explain, but it seems that once a railroad buff — always a railroad buff. How else can anyone explain the tremendous popularity of the Cass Railroad?

The Cass Railroad operates an old coal-burning steam locomotive (Shay 200 Model) over a distance of only four and three-tenths miles, and persons of all ages travel hundreds of miles to make the trip up Bald Mountain.

its facilities are geared to the needs of this railroad buff and the tourist.

This railroad was part of a operation which is no longer in existence. The track, cars and engine were destined for the scrap heap until someone correctly guessed that they might be used to help West Virginia celebrate its Centennial year as a State.

Since this area is one of the most beautiful, in a State known for its beautiful scenery, the State's Natural Resources Department decided to provide with financial support to get the



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underway. It was an instant success, and next year, the ride will be longer—about eight and one-half miles. This will take the riders all the way to the top of Bald Mountain where facilities will be available for picnics or just loafing around enjoying the magnificent views.

For all those persons planning a trip through West Virginia next summer, additional information may be acquired by writing to the State of West Virginia Department of Natural Resources, Division of Parks and Recreation, State Capitol, Charleston, West Virginia.

Town Was Populated With Sex Contest

The town of Sistersville is named for two sisters who lived on the land and thereby hangs one of those West Virginia tales that takes the cake for sure.

The town was settled in 1802 by Charles Wells, who built his cabin at once, and started to out-do his neighbors who followed in acquiring children. At the last count he was a bad loser with only 22, while his neighbor, a Gordon, fathered 28. A tenant on Wells' farm humiliated him by matching Wells with his propagating propensities.

But Wells owned the town and it was for his two daughters, Sarah and Deliah, that the town was named Sistersville. Getting children seemed a lot easier to do than to name them, as his 20th and last one bore the name Betsy.

The streets of the town were named for the members of the family and one, although now changed to Chelsea, was named for the children's pony, Brown Betty.

Sistersville, which had an oil boom about like the California Gold Rush, has been known as Wells Landing and as Ziggleton.

Why We Are Called Snakes

By Kyle McCormick

the West Virginians called "snakes" by outsiders?

is a question recently asked by a Virginian, Harry E. Caldabaugh, an American War Veteran of

Mr. Caldabaugh states that when in 1898 the Second West Virginia was marching in a Peace parade in Philadelphia, a group on the parade yelled, "Hurrah for the

the roadmen of the Norfolk Western Railway in by-gone years, an attempt to distinguish the West from natives of other states

the writer was asked a few years ago by a former West Virginian living in a distinguished surgeon: "Has anyone ever called you a

According to the late Roy Bird Cook, an eminent historian of West Virginia activities, this goes back to the American Revolution.

The Culpepper Minutemen, commanded by Patrick Henry, had a flag with the outline of a rattlesnake and the words, "Liberty or Death," and "Stand on me!"

These minutemen were back woods-men wearing green shirts with white buttons on their bosoms — "Liberty or

on their belts they carried the scalps of Indians and tomahawk of the Indian. Gradually, the word "snake" came to be a synonym for a mountaineer or West Virginian.

The use of the rattlesnake as an American emblem seemed to come from the habit of the English in dumping the convicts from prison on the colonies. Someone suggested that in return, the colonies might dump a cargo of rattlesnakes in St. James Park in London.

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Was Lincoln's Mother Born in West Virginia?

The News-Tribune of Keyser very bravely says that Nancy Hanks, mother of Abe Lincoln, was born in West Virginia.

This is the News-Trib's case:

Nancy Hanks reportedly was born in a remote log cabin in Virginia (later West Virginia). She was a child of the frontier. That is all of which anyone can be really certain for no definite date of her birth is available, and information on the family tree is highly confusing. According to the best authority available for many years, Nancy Hanks was the natural child of Lucy Hanks, who was yet unmarried when she took her young daughter over the Wilderness Trail into Kentucky.

This belief traces back to a conversation in the year 1850 between President Lincoln and William H. Herndon. The two men, according to Herndon, were driving in Lincoln's one-horse buggy to the court in Menard County, Illinois, to try a suit which was likely to touch upon the subject of hereditary traits. During the ride Lincoln spoke of his mother, and enumerated the qualities which he thought he had inherited from her. He said that she was the daughter of Lucy Hanks and "a well-bred but obscure Virginia farmer or planter." The description could have applied to the son of Joseph Hanks who many believe was the husband of Lucy Hanks and the father of Nancy. Lincoln knew little about his ancestors and had little success in tracing his family tree during his lifetime.

A tablet commemorating her birthplace near here was dedicated on May 6, 1933. More recently the State Roads

Commission and other cooperating groups have erected new signs along area highways directing tourists to the historic site. Keyser Post 18775 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars is said to be the only one in the world named after a woman, Nancy Hanks.

The Town That Sold For a Flint Lock Gun

What's a town worth?

Well, the town of Reader was bought by Benjamin Reader for a bay mare and a ten-gallon copper kettle, and then when Reader wanted to dispose of the site, he sold it to Morgan Morgan for a flintlock gun.

Morgan, who was the son of that first Morgan Morgan who put an "ap" between his names, didn't fool around much with Reader's town. He stayed on his own farm and sent his slaves to do the work there. Morgan, by the way is known to history as "Spy Mod," who was quite famous for his exploits as an Indian scout.

ERIE CANNON BALLS CAST IN STATE

Cannonballs fired from the guns of Commodore Perry's fleet in the Battle of Lake Erie, in 1813, were cast in the iron furnaces at Kings Creek in the Northern Panhandle. The first iron furnace west of the Alleghenies was built here by Peter Tarr in 1794.

A grandson of this early iron monger was Campbell Tarr, who served as treasurer of the Restored Government of Virginia and served in that same capacity with the new State.

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Pearl Buck House Fund Is Growing

This week we bring you completely up to date on the Pearl Buck house and its friends. The total last time was \$981. Since then, the take has (to this minute) come to \$907.

Add the two figures together and you get \$1788.00. That is the total amount contributed to the purchase of the house. A breakdown shows that:

From within the state has come \$1,281.00.

Out of state \$487.00.

Lucy Prichard Memorial Fund \$20.

Elsewhere you will find the names, addresses and amounts. The \$5 givers get a pen that Pearl Buck autographed books with. The \$10 payoff is an autographed book, used, and selected at random. The \$100 giver gets a special book which Miss Buck is now working on at this time. It will deal with the house.

Now, if you would like to look over the editor's shoulder, you can get the spirit of giving in this cause. Walter Vance of Hamlin has come up with a pip of an idea. Why not have a finance head in each county? Good idea, because the amount would narrow down to something between \$800 and \$900 per county. I would prefer that

of herself for others. So if you are one who was helped through college (as this writer was) send your gift and mark it Lucy Prichard Memorial.

We have heard from our first legislator. J. C. Cruikshank of Ivydale, Clay County, sent a contribution and his best wishes, saying, "I wish you luck on your latest adventure, that of buying the Pearl Buck House." Old J. C. knows it will succeed. It was he who went to the governor with me when I (prodded by the man from Pennsylvania) proposed West Virginia get into the railroad business, out of which came the Cass Railroad. Why all the good things to Pocahontas anyhow?

Enrichment Of My State

Mrs. William A. Rogers of Flushing, N. Y. (where the Fair is) looks on her contribution to the Buck house as a contribution "to the enrichment of my state." And it is, too! Irene Broh of Huntington is planning a personal campaign to get people interested in contributing. B. R. Weimer, Dean of the Faculty, Bethany College, sends congratulations with a check, Mabel Garfield of Ellenboro says her \$25 check is from self, husband and five cats.

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More Suggestions

' And that poses a problem. A lot of contributors, while they aren't sure how to administer the house, after Pearl Buck has had her way with it, are not happy about giving it to the state. So that calls for more suggestions. Mine and Bronson's idea: Make it a non-profit stockholders deal, with one share of stock going to the five dollar giver, twenty to the hundred and so forth. Will some nice corporation lawyer set this thing up and take his fee out in stock? That noise you don't hear is volunteering lawyers.

We have a collective giving organization, Ladies of Glen White, in Raleigh County. And another collective group in a way has come through. The A. S. Thomas Memorial Fund of Charleston, done in honor of the founder of Thomas.

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A Fine Thing

Marian P. Eades of Oak Hill writes nice: "I never saw anyone so determined to DO something for West Virginia. We think this is a fine thing."

McDowell
Marion
Marshall
Mason

A List

Names and
butors to Pear

L. J. Stanley
Albans; Ray
Box 20, Fair
liams, 4579
Diego, Calif.;
400 Forrest
Mrs. Otis R
Main St., Ha
Charleston.

Anonymous
R. McKim, 1

H. D. Mine
Charleston.

J. O. Barn

Mrs. Jesse
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Macon St.,

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Dr. Gorde
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We have a collective giving organization. Ladies of Glen White, in Raleigh County. And another collective group in a way has come through. The A. S. Thomas Memorial Fund of Charleston, done in honor of the founder of Thomas, Field, or one of the founders, sent a check for \$100. Dolly Bryant of Fairmont has an idea. She writes: "I hope the rest of the newspapers in the state will take up this cause with you; everyone should hear about it because I know the vast majority would be so proud to have a memorial to Pearl Buck in the state of West Virginia."

And that brings us to a new entry in this week's accounting. Three readers, Mrs. Foster Boyd, of Huntington, and Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Luther, of Kerrville, Texas, sent checks, suggesting that others join and give in the name of Lucy Prichard. During our vacation, Lucy Prichard died. That staunch and Gibralteran lady was much like Pearl Buck herself in that she gave so much

section. She offers it to the highest bidder, with the money going to the House Fund. Write her at Rt. 1, Box 37, Flemington. Mrs. A. A. Conley of Morgantown sent a contribution because of her mother, (Mrs. Bird M. Low, who "likes Miss Buck's books."

A Fine Thing

Marian P. Eades of Oak Hill writes nice: "I never saw anyone so determined to DO something for West Virginia. We think this is a fine thing and sincerely hope you make it. But it's a little ridiculous the State has to be urged to help in this way when our tax money goes for so many foolish things. I reviewed her book 'Letter from Peking' many times and the audience wept and so did I and we had such a wonderful sentimental time together. Miss Buck can really plan on the emotions." Norman S. Schalaifer of Silver Spring, Md., wants his autographed book to be fitten for a 13 year old girl. Don't worry, Pearl Buck has many juveniles. Eula and Art Harler wrote from Moundsville: "More power to you . . . if a few more West Virginians loved their state enough to talk it up instead of down and help instead of hinder, you wouldn't have to 'coax' folks with this project."

Here's How They Give By County And State

IN STATE

Barbour	0	Mercer	\$65
Berkeley	0	Mineral	\$5
Bonne	0	Mingo	\$10
Braxton	0	Monongalia	\$96
Brooke	\$5	Monroe	0
Cabell	\$110	Morgan	\$10
Calhoun	0	Nicholas	\$44
Clay	\$20	Ohio	\$10
Doddridge	0	Pendleton	0
Fayette	\$10	Pleasants	0
Gilmer	0	Pocahontas	0
Grant	\$10	Preston	\$20
Greenbrier	\$125	Putnam	0
Hampshire	0	Raleigh	\$10
Hancock	\$20	Randolph	\$12
Hardy	0	Ritchie	\$26
Harrison	\$30	Roane	0
Jackson	0	Summers	\$5
Jefferson	0	Taylor	\$15
Kanawha	\$367	Tucker	0
Lewis	\$100	Tyler	0
Lincoln	0	Upshur	\$75
Logan	\$10	Wayne	\$20
McDowell	0	Webster	\$5
Marion	\$26	Wetzel	0
Marshall	\$5	Wirt	0
Mason	0	Wood	\$15
		Wyoming	0
		Total	\$1,281.00

OUT OF STATE

Alabama	0	Nevada	
Alaska	\$5	New Hampshire	
Arizona	0	New Jersey	
Arkansas	0	New Mexico	
California	\$15	New York	
Colorado	\$5	North Carolina	
Connecticut	0	North Dakota	
Delaware	0	Oklahoma	
Florida	\$14	Oregon	
Georgia	0	Pennsylvania	
Hawaii	0	Rhode Island	
Idaho	0	Ohio	
Illinois	\$110	South Carolina	
Indiana	\$2	South Dakota	
Iowa	0	Tennessee	
Kansas	0	Texas	
Kentucky	0	Utah	
Louisiana	0	Vermont	
Maine	0	Virginia	
Maryland	\$220	Washington	
Massachusetts	\$10	W. Va. (Other col)	
Michigan	\$10	Wisconsin	
Minnesota	\$25	Wyoming	
Mississippi	0	Total	\$40.00
Missouri	\$10		
Montana	0		
Nebraska	0		

LUCY PRICHARD
MEMORIAL

\$20.00

A List Of Givers And What They Gave

Names and amounts of contributors to Pearl Buck House Fund.

- \$1**
L. J. Stanley, Rt. 2 Box 15, St. Albans; Raymond Alvarez, Rt. 2 Box 20, Fairmont; Dale E. Williams, 4879 Newport Ave., San Diego, Calif.; Mrs. Phyllis Dean, 409 Forrest Ave., Morgantown; Mrs. Otis R. Snodgrass, 908 W. Main St., Harrisville; Anonymous, Charleston.
- \$2**
Anonymous, Gary, Indiana; C. R. McKim, Box 1028, Elkins.
- \$3**
H. D. Miner, 58 N. Abeny Circle, Charleston.
- \$4**
J. O. Barnes, Bradenton, Fla.
- \$5**
Mrs. Jesse Hamilton, Buckhannon; Mrs. Glenn C. Jones, 2904 Macon St., Charleston; Claudia

Stanley, Whittaker; Rev. Harvey H. Orr, 87 Kenna Dr., South Charleston; Clyde Bailey, 433 Horner Ave., Clarksburg; Mrs. Moore M. Reynolds, Hill Girt Farm, Rt. 3, Clarksburg; Edgar C. Siegrist, 108 Waverly Way, Clarksburg; Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Allred, 280 Springfield Ave., Huntington; Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Olizer, 2346 Johnstown Rd., Huntington; Elizabeth T. Bailey, 206 River Dr., Webster Springs; June L. Barber, 412 Elysian Ave., Morgantown; Nell Sanham Leonian, 836 Price St., Morgantown.

Henry T. Perdue, 805 Jennings St., Belpre, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. David L. Rogers, Rt. No. 1, Lumberport; Mrs. Eileen Minnick, Mt. Storm; Edith E. Day, Petersburg; Richard W. Reed, Rt. No. 2, Cambridge, Ohio; Donna Comstock, 202 Betsy Brown Rd., Port Chester, N. Y.; Winnie Williams, Mt. Edge-

combe, Alaska. With the contribution was this note: "Although I have been away from West Virginia several years, I am still a West Virginian at heart and expect to return within a few years."

And that brings us to the close of the second session with people who are matches for our rugged and everlasting hills. See you next week — or the week after.

P. S. I forgot, Dr. Bob Munn, head of the WVU library, said that people want to know how to make out the checks. Simple: Pearl Buck House Fund. That's the address in Richwood, W. Va.

—JFC

Pearl Buck House Fund,
Care Hillbilly,
Richwood, W. Va.

Enclosed is check for \$_____ This is a contribution to the purchase of the Pearl S. Buck ancestral home at Hillbilly.

stumble, Alaska; Mrs. Barnes, 616 W. La Ontario, Calif.; Harler, 212 Grant Ave., Box 166, Morgantown; S. Hagerman, Box 427, Emma S. Howard, 127 Phelps, Rt. No. 1, Box 10, Penna. Ave., Charleston.

Mary Huffman, 218 Hinton; Miss Letha and Mrs. H. R. Steele St. Apt. 3, Den Ave., Charleston; R. B. Bethany College, Bethany, Dana, Box 145, Parkersburg; D. Brook, 629-11th Ave. ton; Mary Largent, Maxine W. Mahood, Dolly Bryant, Rt. 1, Fairmont; Leroy Roberts, Washington Ave., Hunting-

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis 105 Riverview Dr., St. Paul H. Price, P. O. Box Morgantown; Gail White, Ave., S. E., Charleston; Beth M Dorsey, 471 Apt. Morgantown.

\$6
David Hathway, 734 Ave., Bexley, Ohio.

\$10
Joseph Burke, Box 61, Mrs. Clara Hampton, 24 wha Blvd., Charleston; Mrs. Geo. A. Smith Jr., Bill Jones, Box 909, U. B. Yeager, 1119-11th St. ington; Lula Lerew, N. Pike St., Grafton; Durant, Box 311, Asher Richardson, Jr., 602 Commerce Bldg., Pauline Osborne, Box Helen L. Chandler, 19

LUCY PRITCHARD
MEMORIAL
FUND

LEWISBURG

the Pearl Buck col-
the Museum and
the house itself.
M. Phelps writes:
both of you! Such
read your enlarged
after the sorrow of
Load the week be-
Heavens, there
way of keeping a
own within our
and not only that,
an early 1903 copy
of Civil Govern-
a West Virginia
offers it to the
with the money
House Fund.
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sent a contri-
of her mother,
Low, who "likes
books."

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never saw any-
mined to DO
West Virginia.
is a fine thing
hope you make
little ridiculous
be urged to
ay when our
for so many
reviewed her
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the audience
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be emotions."
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girl. Don't
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nd Art Har-
Moundville:
you . . . If
t Virginians
enough to
of down and
inder, you
"coax" folks

M. J. Arthur of Blooms-
bury, N. J., is interested in
the drive and wrote for in-
formation. He is writing a
Buck biography. We learn of
sorrow too in the House Fund.
Dr. Gordon Todd sat down
and wrote us a check and
mailed it. An hour later the
Princeton man was dead of a
massive esophageal hemor-
rhage. Ralph Robey, formerly
of West Virginia, now of
Washington, wrote to tell us
how our first contributor,
Mrs. William S. Corby, is
working on all expatriated
West Virginians in Washing-
ton to give. Mrs. H. B. Zimmer-
mann of St. Paul, Minn., sent
her contribution and said for
us to send nothing in return.
"Put it all in your wonderful
fund," wrote the mother of
Dr. Zimmermann of the WVU
Med School. Wrote non-West
Virginian Mrs. William Brasie
of Midland, Michigan: "As a
result of your paper we are
planning a trip to Wes tVir-
ginia when our children are
a little older and hope to be
able to visit your Pearl Buck
House." Your house too, Mrs.
Brasie!

Marie Hensley wrote from
Man that her contribution was
to be entered in the names of
sons Kim and Edward. She
told us too that the Hemlock
Hills Garden Club was working
on a collective contribution.
John Ruskin Hall is a contri-
butor who gets his cake and
eats it too, or gets his book
and reads it, however you say
it. He sent his favorite Pearl
Buck book — "My Several
Worlds" — for the autograph.
His will shall be done. And the
farthest-away letter came from
Winnie D. Williamson of Mt.

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contribution was this note:
"Although I have been away
from West Virginia several
years, I am still a West Vir-
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—JFC

W. Largent, Jr.,
Dolly Bryant, Rt. 1,
Fairmont; Leroy Baker,
Washington Ave., Har-
Mr. and Mrs. Deane,
105 Riverview Dr.,
Paul H. Price, P.O. Box 100,
gantown; Gall White,
Ave., S. E., Charleston;
beth M Dorsey, 411
Morgantown.
David Hathway, 78
Ave., Bexley, Ohio.
Joseph Burke, Box 62,
Mrs. Clara Hampton, 24
wha Blvd., Charleston, W.
Mrs. Geo. A. Smith Jr.,
Bill Jones, Box 909, Har-
U. B. Yeager, 1119-1123 E.
ington; Lula Lerew, 1119-
N. Pike St., Grafton; Mrs.
Durant, Box 311, Ashburn,
Richardson, Jr., 602 Lav-
Commerce Bldg., Bluefield;
Pauline Osborne, Box 28,
Helen L. Chandler, 228

Pearl Buck House Fund,
Care Hillbilly,
Richwood, W. Va.

Enclosed is check for \$_____ This is a contribution
to the purchase of the Pearl S. Buck ancestral home at Hillsboro.
In return I am to receive:

(Check Which)

- () A pen which Pearl Buck autographed books with
when she visited West Virginia last summer. (\$5).
- () An autographed book by Pearl Buck. (I understand
that this is a second hand book, and that I have no claim
as to quality or title. (\$10).
- () An autographed limited edition of this newspaper
devoted exclusively to Pearl Buck, her works, and the
Hillsboro house. \$100.

Signed _____

P. S. A copy of this paper sent to _____

_____ would I ask you
a contribution.



FOR SALE

ALLEGHENY LODGE

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

A noted private facility, 199 acres, ideally located at Minnehaha Springs, West Virginia, at the crest of the Allegheny Mountains, on U. S. Route 39, in the heart of a prime vacation, fishing, hunting and resort area. Has exclusive lease of a 2460 feet landing strip and by automobile is only 35 minutes from The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia, 45 minutes from The Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, and 30 minutes from The National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, West Virginia.

Has been maintained in fine condition for year round use of world-wide customers and employees of a chemical company owner for the past 18 years. Will accommodate approximately 50 persons. Experienced manager and staff can be retained if desired.

Beautiful wooded grounds provide varied recreation and interesting observation of eleven semi-tame elk and five Chinese Fallow deer.

Large (50' x 60') main lodge building (pictured), frame construction, three stories and basement; entire first floor club room features two massive stone fireplaces, custom built bar, hunting trophies; thirteen bedrooms, large kitchen and dining areas, billiard room.

Four individual cottages with bedrooms, baths, kitchens.

Two-story garage with modern apartment; Laundry building; Deep Freeze building, including refrigeration apparatus; machinery shed.

Large wading pool, playground, cook-out shelter, rifle range.

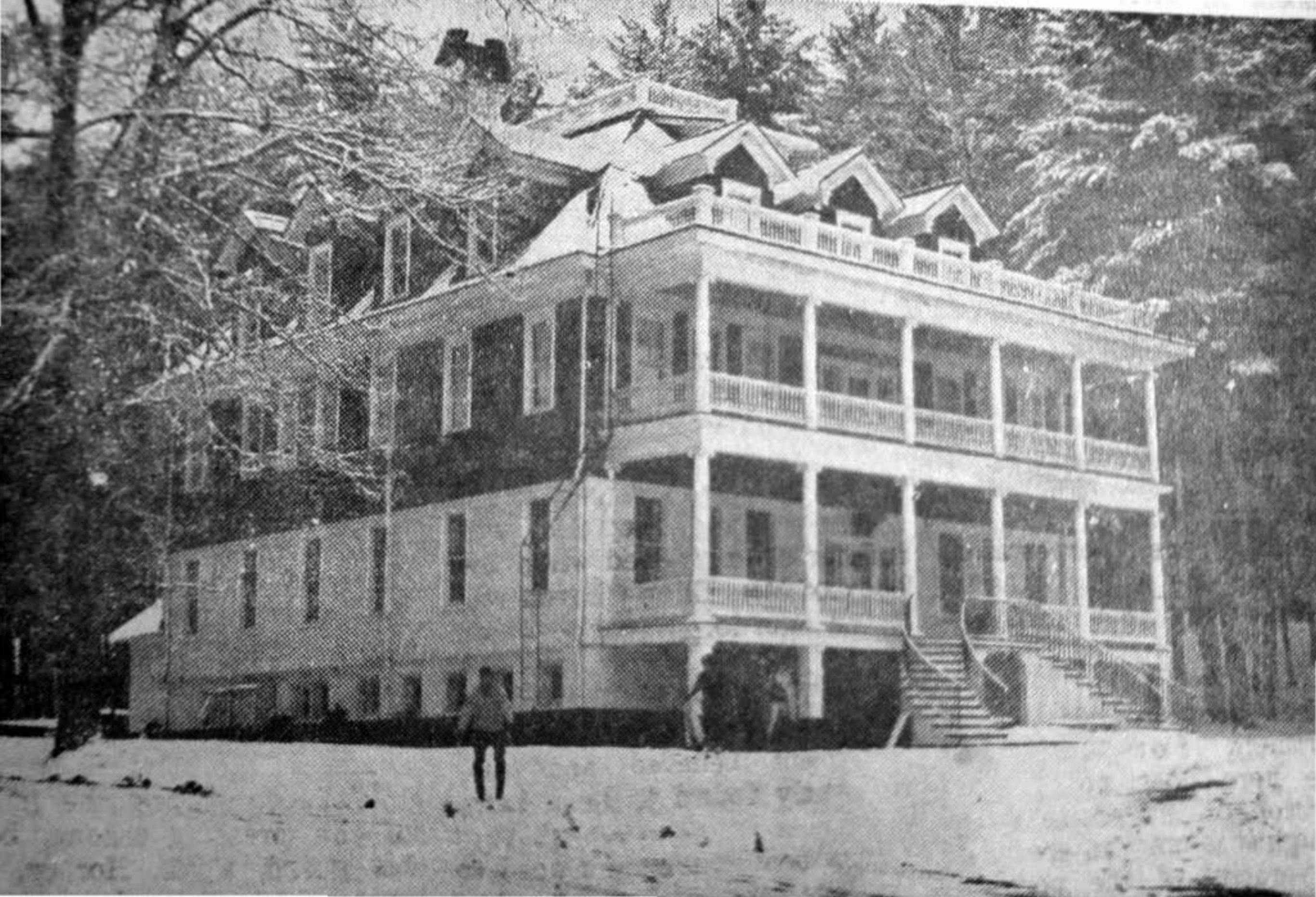
All fully furnished and equipped, including new truck, station wagon, tractor and lawn equipment.

Has own spring water system, supplied by new water line constructed in 1964.

Priced Fully Equipped And Furnished

Immediate Possession \$150,000

For detailed information or inspection appointment, call Huntington, West Virginia, phone 533-6181 or 533-6361, or write Allegheny Lodge, c/o P. O. Box 1117, Huntington, West Virginia.



FOR SALE

ALLEGHENY LODGE

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

A noted private facility, 190 acres, ideally located at Minnehaha Springs, West Virginia, at the crest of the Allegheny Mountains, on U. S. Route 39, in the heart of a prime vacation, fishing, hunting and resort area. Has exclusive lease of a 2460 feet landing strip and by automobile is only 35 minutes from The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia, 45 minutes from The Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, and 30 minutes from The National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, West Virginia.

Has been maintained in fine condition for year round use of world-wide customers and employees of a chemical company owner for the past 18 years. Will accommodate approximately 50 persons. Experienced manager and staff can be retained if desired.

Beautiful wooded grounds provide varied recreation and interesting observation of eleven semi-tame elk and five Chinese Fallow deer.

Large (50' x 60') main lodge building (pictured), frame construction, three stories and basement; entire first floor club room features two massive stone fireplaces, custom built bar, hunting trophies; thirteen bedrooms, large kitchen and dining areas, billiard room.

Four individual cottages with bedrooms, baths, kitchens.

Two-story garage with modern apartment; Laundry building; Deep Freeze building, including refrigeration apparatus; machinery shed.

Large wading pool, playground, cook-out shelter, rifle range.

All fully furnished and equipped, including new truck, station wagon, tractor and lawn

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For detailed information or inspection appointment, call Huntington, West Virginia, phone 523-0191 or 522-0361, or write Allegheny Lodge, c/o P. O. Box 2327, Huntington, West Virginia.

Over the Great Divide?



CARTOONISTS AND STEAM

A reader wants us to know that there's one breed of public servant who will do his darndest to keep steam alive. That's the cartoonist. Every time he needs a train, he comes up with the old, old iron horse. This is from the Christian Science Monitor.



Maj. Dourif's Dream Gives Company Vacation S

By Jane Kincaid

The Allegany Lodge at Minnehaha Springs, Pocahontas County, is a "man's dream come true."

It was the family vacation center for the employees of the Standard Ultramarine and Color Company of Huntington before the company was sold to Chemstrand of Chicago. The former president and owner of the company is Major Henry Dourif, the man responsible for the acquisition of the lodge who retained it after closing the deal with Chemstrand.

Dourif was born in Paris, France, in 1881 just about the time that the United States was becoming known throughout the world as the country that was offering more freedom and opportunity than had ever been available to the common man before. So it was natural that a young man who wanted to get ahead would come to America, and Dourif did. He secured employment at the Standard Ultramarine plant at Tiffin, O., where president was O. T. Frick, starting as technical adviser and working his way up to a partnership in the company.

The Standard Ultramarine plant later was moved to Huntington because this location was nearer a fuel supply.

It was about this time that Dourif began to remember a dream he had when a youth. In this dream he was the owner of a plant in which the employees had improved working conditions and the possibility of spending vacations and weekends at a sum-

mer retreat. His athletic ground team, built an intercollegiate air force, approached General Mills Marshall (then a Signal Corps Major) and got his full cooperation. Dourif was then transferred as the tactical assistant to Marshall.

The French Air Service then decided to send him to the French High Command in Washington, D. C., to help further his ideas. After his demobilization in Washington in February, 1919, he returned to Marshall Ultramarine where his friend and partner Frick successfully had carried on through the war years.

When Frick's passed in 1929 Dourif bought out his half interest in the Standard Ultramarine Co.

In 1938 Dourif's dream of a retreat for his employees began to take shape when he purchased the Allegany Lodge at Minnehaha Springs, Pocahontas County. The structure and grounds were acquired from Mrs. Harriet Wolfe, who had resided on the estate. The lodge originally had been constructed in 1912 for a hunting retreat and first was operated by the late Col. Henry Lamberton. It was used as a hunting lodge in winter and a resort hotel in summer.

Where The Elk Play

During Col. Lamberton's ownership, Canadian elk were stocked on the estate and the herd now numbers 11.

The Allegany Lodge property now consists of the large central lodge building and four cottages, located on a 100-acre tract of



The rout of the guns of World War I proved to be a more pressing matter at the moment, and Douillard returned to France to join the French Army, in which he was a reserve lieutenant in the Field Artillery. Shortly after reporting to the Staff of his Army Corps he became enthusiastically interested in aviation and was transferred to this new service in which he rose to the rank of Major.

When the United States joined the Allies in April 1917, Doureil, who felt that America could both

What time did you leave the residence of the victim?
 I left the residence of the victim at approximately 10:30 p.m. on the night of the murder.

Since Allegheny Lodge is primarily a retreat or vacation center, recreational facilities have been provided for young and old. The large estate surrounding the lodge afford hunting, ice skating and skiing in winter. In summer, visitors have the use of a three-hole golf course, play ground, picnic shelter, wading pool and rifle range. Locker rooms, showers and baths also are provided in the lodge.

When Allegheny was operating as an employee retreat a committee composed of four employees of the Ultramarine Company form what is known as the "lodge committee." This group makes recommendations for services and facilities and also processes applications for vacations and weekend rest periods at Allegheny Lodge.

Resident manager of the lodge is Ward Clerk. He is a native of Pocahontas County and resides at the lodge with his wife and son Ronnie. Clerk formerly served as postmaster at Minnehaha Springs. Mrs. Clerk is the former Miss Rachel Curry of Marlinton.

A large garden provides fresh vegetables and much of the produce for the lodge menu. Meat and other products are purchased in Marlinton. All expenses in con-

It is said that some of the most important people in the world have visited here and enjoyed the beautiful scenery and good food. Recent guests at the lodge were: Joaquin Corredor, Bogota, Colombia; Jack Eng, Hong Kong; T. Matsumoto, Tokyo, Japan; H. Leverkus, Germany; M. and Madame J. Bourrellis, Paris, France; Borge Rogers, Copenhagen, Denmark; Dr.

While we admit that these hills aren't as impoverished as politicians say, we still admit that Roll-Royces aren't exactly as thick as commodity trucks.

But a reader of ours, who says he never drinks to excess, wants us to look into the matter of a hillbilly girl in a Bollt Royce and driving it through these hills. He leaves us these notes:

The girl's name is Gigi Dabor. Her great great grandfather Johnny Hill lived in Marlinton one hundred years ago. He was a large landowner and sold all the land of little levels, the area of the Pearl Buck house, for a dollar an acre. Hillsboro was named

W. H. Miller, and J. H. Miller, Professors
of City School, and J. H. Miller, Dr. Har-
bert Willard, and J. H. Miller, University of Chicago.

Major Deane said of the two things: That America is a land of freedom with opportunity, "for the people, for the people, and for the people"; and that the saying is true: "For that which is deepest in the heart, have ye the faith to pray, and the wisdom to wait, you shall receive."

for him. He was born in 1782. His daughter Nancy Hill married Billy McMillion in 1810. Two children, Emma and George, were born to the union.

"Now we come to Gigi. Her mother lives in Marlinton, and is the granddaughter of that Johnnie Hill, or maybe great-granddaughter. Gigi came to Marlinton in her Rolls-Royce to visit her mother. When I saw her, I was reading a copy of *Edifice*. She knew of the paper, and knew of the Pearl Buck House program.

"Gigi spent her early years in West Virginia, did professional dancing and modeling in Pittsburgh at 14 years. Then went to New York and to Hollywood at 21. She has modeled such things as White Rain and Nylon. Really some chick. Works out poorly image. Good idea for a model at her quick-ly."